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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ...	985	The Jews in Modern Life. By G. K. Chesterton ...	1004
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Overdue Reforms. By Frank MacDermot ...	1004
The Future of Anglo-American Arbitration ...	988	Nonconformity and Dr. Jowett. By Congregation- alist ...	1005
The Meaning of Home Rule	989	Liberalism in Middle-Class Constituencies. By F. J. Nash	1005
Fruits of the Naval Scare	990	The Garden of England. By Dr. Fletcher Little ...	1005
A FEDERAL UNION WITH IRELAND. By R. Barry O'Brien ...	991	The March to Destruction. By J. Marshall Sturge ...	1005
THE IDEAS OF SIR EDWARD GREY. By H. W. M. ...	993	A TRAVERS LES AGES. A Group of Translations. By M. Jourdain, Walter Lamb, L. Pearsall Smith, W. J. Gruffydd, R. L. G., and James Elroy Flecker ...	1005
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	1007
From Arbitration to Concert	994	REVIEWS:—	
The Oxford Mood ...	996	The Story of the Welsh Nation ...	1008
Dickens in Real Life ...	997	Henri Bergson ...	1009
The Great Translation ...	998	A Soprano ...	1010
ART:—		A Palinode ...	1010
The Extension of the National Gallery. By Roger Fry ...	1000	The Art of Simplicity ...	1014
PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
English Free Church Pastors in American Pulpits. By Edward Porritt ...	1001	Via Rhodesia ...	1016
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	1016
Sir Edward Grey's Speech. By Charles Roden Buxton	1003		
Examination for Public Offices. By J. and John Clarence ...	1003		
Canada and Reciprocity. By Canadensis ...	1004		

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no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE long-expected debates on the linked subjects of armaments and the Army and Navy Estimates have had a dramatic political result. On Monday, Mr. Murray Macdonald moved his resolution, declaring alarm at the ever-increasing war expenditure, and urging that it should be diminished. This was flanked by a practically colorless motion from another Liberal, Mr. King, who merely asked for an international agreement for the restriction of armaments. The Government accepted the second form, and rejected the first, carrying their point by 276 to 56 votes. Mr. McKenna was content to excuse himself for his errors of fact in 1909 by saying that he had given the Germans two alternatives after reading their Estimates for new construction—the one that they were hurrying up Dreadnoughts, the other that they were increasing their size, and that though he suggested the former course to the Commons, and kept silent about the latter, his second thought was, in fact, true. His Estimates, however, were roughly right, for they provided for thirty British Dreadnoughts in 1914 to Germany's twenty-one—a reasonable margin—and he had merely laid down eight, five, and five Dreadnoughts in a sequence of years instead of six, six, and six. However, the figures for 1911 would represent high-water mark, and there would be a reduction next year, though, he added, amid loud Opposition cheers, that he would promise nothing if the Germans strengthened their Fleet Law in 1912.

As this was a confession of misdirecting the House, and allowing it to act on a wrong impression of the facts, it was not likely to heal Liberal feeling about the Estimates. But a new turn was given to the debate by a remarkable speech from the Foreign Secretary. Sir

Edward Grey upheld Mr. McKenna's Estimates, and repeated his qualified pledge of reduction next year, while he gave the impression that the Anglo-German situation had improved and might be bettered still further. But no country could move alone in the limitation of armaments, even though their continued pressure clearly threatened "internal revolution" or "hunger" taxation.

THE most promising development would be for us to accept President Taft's bold suggestion of a treaty of arbitration between two nations, including questions of "honor, territory, and money." We should be delighted to receive such a proposal, wide as it was. It should require the sanction of Parliament as well as of the two Governments, and that he believed it would obtain. The minds of men were working to such an end, as America's mind worked towards the abolition of slavery, and achieved it without counting the cost in blood and treasure, and the risk to national existence. Powers so linked might agree to act together if attacked by a third Power which refused arbitration. The speech was received with great enthusiasm on the Liberal side, coldly by the Opposition.

A GREAT development of the Grey proposal took place on Thursday night, when Mr. Balfour offered a reasoned and cordial support. He said that he had some doubts of the "peace-producing" effects of the policy of using the navies of Powers united by arbitration to police, i.e., coerce, nations outside the arbitral sphere, but added that he thought an inclusive scheme of arbitration could well be carried out between "two great kindred communities." He referred to Lord Salisbury's effort to negotiate the Olney-Pauncefote Treaty of 1897, and thought that then, as now, the President and Government of the United States represented the feeling of the country. If the Government could carry out such an arrangement, they would find no heartier friends than the Opposition—a remarkable pledge, which probably secures the passage of the agreement. But Mr. Balfour insisted that such a scheme could not affect the European situation, whose dangers the estimates inadequately met. Mr. Balfour's adhesion to the Grey proposal created a *furor* on the Ministerial side, but Mr. Dillon interpellated a stern word of warning, declaring it to be a gigantic red-herring drawn across the path of economy and European peace, and open to the double blot that it involved an offensive and defensive alliance, and that it was meant for great Empires, not for small, oppressed nationalities.

THE reception of Sir Edward Grey's speech by the Press abroad has been remarkably cordial, and it is the American and German papers which most frankly recognise its significance. The "New York Times" finds it "candid, serious, and courageous," and welcomes it, apparently without reserve, as a response to Mr. Taft's suggestion. The "Tribune," though not less friendly, is more cautious, and draws, as American opinion will probably do with increasing firmness, a sharp distinction between the proposal for an unlimited and permanent Treaty of Arbitration, and the further suggestion of an alliance to protect the two friendly

Powers against all who refuse to arbitrate with them. Any alliance with a European Power would be, it considers, "an exceedingly grave step"—a remarkably mild caveat, when one remembers how absolute is the American tradition against entangling alliances. The "Sun" is wholly friendly, but adds the relevant comment that such a treaty would be even more useful between England and Germany. The danger ahead is, of course, the risk that the Senate may quash the Arbitration Treaty when it is submitted to it. But Sir Edward Grey's speech may rouse a response in public opinion to which the Senate may have to bow.

EUROPEAN comment was at first more busied with Sir Edward Grey's references to our relations with European Powers than with his great constructive proposal. Austrian opinion was particularly pleased, and the "Fremdenblatt" gracefully acknowledged that the English policy of "penning Germany in" must be abandoned as a fiction, equally baseless with the fear of a German invasion of England. The official "North German Gazette," after noting with satisfaction Sir Edward Grey's fair appreciation of the German standpoint as to armaments, expresses itself in a sceptical but wholly friendly spirit about arbitration. A conciliatory spirit is of more importance than any treaty of arbitration, and this, it remarks, Sir Edward Grey has shown. For any spirit of cynicism one must turn to wholly unofficial papers. The "Zeit," of Vienna, affects to think that England is turning to America because German diplomacy has spoiled its game in Europe. But the "Frankfort Gazette" frankly invites England to resume her place as the leader of civilisation. French opinion is puzzled and uncertain. The "Temps" even talks of "childish platitudes," but it is well to remember that it is now only the personal voice of M. Tardieu.

Mr. McKenna defended his estimates in detail on Thursday, amid almost unbroken silence from the Ministerialists. His tone was apologetic. He declared that the real comparison between the British and German figures was not 44 millions against 22, but 33½ against 22. He insisted that Dreadnoughts were as cheap as they were indispensable—the "Orion" only costing £1,900,000—and that though his figures were large, nobody responsible for the safety of the Empire "as long as it lasted" could afford to be "in doubt for a fortnight." He made the fatal admission that as the Dreadnoughts were only required for the spring of 1914, it was not necessary to begin laying down the new ships till December, or even till January, 1912, and, in fact, the estimates only provide for two such vessels. This is as much as to say that the provision is superfluous. In consideration of the increasing strength of the Dreadnought fleet, fewer of the pre-Dreadnoughts—five Royal Sovereigns and two others—would be scrapped; leaving forty-one capital ships of the earlier classes available for service. Mr. Lee declared the estimates insufficient, and adopted the two-keels-to-one standard against Germany, which Mr. Balfour has already partially blessed. Mr. Robert Harcourt delivered a powerful criticism, and the prevailing Liberal tone was unfriendly. Fifty-four members voted for the Labor amendment, which declared the estimates to be a menace to peace and security.

THE tendency of official comment in the United States is now to minimise the significance of the "manœuvres" on the Mexican frontier. The warships will merely visit ports, coal, and disappear. The troops

will police the boundary, but will not cross it. This is, of course, the natural attitude to adopt while the slow and difficult mobilisation is in progress. Such news as we get of the fighting now lays stress on the presence of large numbers of American adventurers, who are said to perform prodigies of valor with "bombs which they light with their cigars." Rumor, indeed, has it that the whole insurrection is financed by sundry Trusts, which desire to oust their rivals who hold concessions from Diaz. There may be some truth in this, but the native discontent against his autocracy is acute and of long standing. Diaz himself declares that what is in progress is not war, but a hunt. He does not expect, however, to track his prey at all rapidly, for the constitutional guarantees (such as they are) have been suspended for six months. The effect of this decree, or, perhaps, of the admission behind it, has already been to check foreign trade.

It is by no means easy to follow the entanglements of the negotiations which are in progress over the Bagdad Railway. The inference from the acrimonious tone of the Young Turk organ "Tanin," would seem to be that they are not marching well. It continues to protest against the British claim to Koweit and against the use as a lever of our veto over an increase of the Customs. The "Temps" learns from London that Turkey proposed that the Gulf section should be built on the basis of Turco-German predominance. The British suggestion was, on the other hand, for a Franco-British predominance. It is suggested that a dead-lock ensued. Meanwhile, according to the "Débats," Germany is making tentative overtures to induce France to open her Bourses to a quotation of Bagdad stock. She offers in return to concede France a free hand in Morocco. This week's decision of the French Cabinet to reinforce the Casablanca garrison is far from suggesting that France feels her hands to be tied. But all analogy suggests that Egypt, Persia, Morocco, and Mesopotamia will eventually be bartered against each other among the Powers.

RUSSIA, after a month's interval, has delivered a second quasi-ultimatum to China over the commercial dispute in Mongolia. She finds in the difficulties which China makes as to two of her six demands "evidence of an unfriendly attitude," and warns her "to weigh the consequences before it be too late." The issues are trivial and concern only the import of duty-free tea and the establishment of Russian Consulates. China claims to be within her treaty rights, and the text of the treaty is disputed. A clearer case for arbitration it would be difficult to find. Russia, however, is resolved to bully, and China will doubtless yield, while adding another wrong to her memories. In the Duma M. Miliukoff has delivered a comprehensive attack on Russian foreign policy. He shares the view of the "Temps" that the Potsdam meeting has broken up the Triple Entente, but he does not believe that the flirtation with Germany has gone far enough to safeguard the Western frontier.

LORD COURTNEY made a very temperate statement in the House of Lords on Thursday on the practice of torture by the Indian police. Lord Morley's reply was not altogether re-assuring. Some, but not all, of the reforms proposed by the Curzon Commission, have been carried out. The police, who are grossly illiterate, are to be better trained, and they are not to be allowed to keep persons in their custody for more than twenty-four hours without bringing them before a Court. Generally the detestable habit of "working for a confession" is to be

more stringently treated, and confessions are only to be made in the presence of a magistrate. Lord Morley said that some allowance should be made for the Indian "habit of mind"; even in Europe we tortured people up to the time of Machiavelli. Lord Morley did not seem to think that a new general declaration on the part of the Indian Government was necessary; nevertheless, in view of the gross scandal of the system, we cannot but hope it will be issued.

A RATHER dubious form of political tactics was adopted by Lady Selborne in a letter which appeared on Saturday in the "Times" and "Daily News." This professed that the writer had received an "enclosed letter from Lady Constance Lytton," in which, added Lady Selborne, there seemed to be "a certain amount of truth." The object of the "enclosed letter" was to contrast the superiority of "militant" to "reasonable" methods of advancing women's suffrage. Thus a crowded meeting, with Lord Selborne as the chief speaker, was only good for a short paragraph, or a corner "on the back page of the papers," while, if Lady Constance threw a stone at the Prime Minister's carriage, she would get a column on the front page.

THE letter provoked some unfavorable comment, in answer to which Lady Selborne wrote again to the "Times," confessing that Lady Constance had not written the "enclosed" letter at all, but that she had simply "borrowed her name for the moment" so as to make her case of hardship clearer. Lady Constance obliged next day by saying that she thoroughly approved Lady Selborne's ingenious addition to the world's collection of imaginary letters by famous people, and she seems to have had a hint of its contents beforehand from her sister, Lady Betty Balfour. The joke was questionable, but there is real ground for Lady Selborne's complaint. It is part of the price we pay for sensational journalism. The whole field of politics suffers from it hardly less than the particular corner of it in which Lady Selborne is interested. And the effect undoubtedly is to make agitation melodramatic. But the point for the Suffragist Left to consider is whether melodrama pays in the long run.

THE man, Stinie Morrison, who is clearly a Russian by birth, was found guilty, on Wednesday night, of murdering a Frenchman called Léon Beron on the last night of the old year, and sentenced to death. Morrison has appealed, and the case must be argued afresh. Its difficulty was that so much of the evidence, which was all circumstantial, was worthless. The prisoner set up an elaborate alibi, supported by many witnesses, and the judge and jury had to find their way through a tangle of perjury. How many witnesses were forewarned we should not like to say. If the verdict was just, as we believe it was, the mass of deliberate lying must have been enormous. The man's record was proved to be of the worst; and a mistake of his counsel in attacking the character of a witness for the Crown enabled Mr. Muir to cross-examine him on his past life, and to stamp him as an ex-convict and a professional burglar. This, added to the breakdown of the alibi, was fatal.

BUT though we think the man rightly condemned, we deplore the hard riding of the Crown. This was varied by a series of bitter word-conflicts between the judge and the counsel for the defence. The summing up seemed to us fair, but the atmosphere of the court was almost red-hot with the continual

challenges between bench and bar. We recall a much calmer and more moderate presentment of the Crown's case against prisoners on trial for their life. And we recall a far more dignified and temperate Bench.

WE observe that the "Car" has published a letter from Mr. Bernard Shaw on the rather burning question of the killing of dogs by motor-cars. Mr. Shaw's letter was provoked by a communication of Mr. Plunket Greene (himself a motorist) complaining that two cars had killed two dogs, who were pets of his children, and in both cases had been driven straight away. Mr. Greene consoled himself by calling their owners a pair of "heartless cads." Whereupon Mr. Shaw writes to dispute the epithet, or, rather, to insist that these persons only acted as he himself would have acted in the same circumstances, or as he invariably acts. "I have," he says, "more than once run over a dog and driven away as if nothing had happened, and on every such occasion there has been a lady in the car." To speak more precisely, Mr. Shaw can "recall at least thirteen cases" in which he either drove over a dog, or was driven over one. In two cases he stopped. In the third, when a poor man's sheep dog was the victim, he sent the man a postal order from the nearest town, much as the French Marquis, in "A Tale of Two Cities," flings a louis to the father of the child whom his carriage—running maybe at half the speed of Mr. Shaw's car—had just run over. In the other ten or more cases Mr. Shaw drove on.

HIS reasons for this conduct are singular. They do not seem to be approved by many of the "Car's" readers, and they are not precisely those which we should have expected from our great anti-sentimentalist, or even, perhaps, from so stern a critic of vivisection. The chief of them appears to be the excessive sensitiveness, not so much of Mr. Shaw's heart, as of the nerves of the ladies with whom he goes motoring. If a man is alone, and is a model of tactfulness, he may risk stopping, and even apologising, up to the precise point when something direct (or even rude) is said to him by the dog-owner. But if he is accompanied by a lady who is "humane and sensitive," and "very fond of dogs," he will think of her feelings and drive on. Mr. Shaw has perhaps omitted to take account of a second type of lady, who might suggest that her feelings would be less lacerated by being at once put down from Mr. Shaw's car than by remaining any longer in it. But his main point, apart from the sentiments of his lady friends, seems to be that the car-owner or his chauffeur need not stop because he is neither "pecuniarily, nor legally, nor morally" responsible for the death of the dog, and that the owner is. If he does not mind his dog being killed, he should insure it. If he does, he should train it to keep clear of motor cars.

THE argument is ingenious, but it is hardly pushed home with Mr. Shaw's usual thoroughness. Why confine it to dogs? It is equally good for babies. Babies, like dogs, are not all insured. They are not all "trained" to avoid motor cars. They occasionally have schools and homes opening on the public highway. It is quite possible that the feelings of Mr. Shaw's lady friends might be upset by the sight of a child's bloody and mangled limbs, for they would not be at all nice to look at. It is clear, then, that Mr. Shaw is bound to drive away from any child he is so unfortunate as to kill. It is not quite so clear, perhaps, what the law, which is so illogical, would say to it.

Politics and Affairs.

THE FUTURE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION.

SIR EDWARD GREY's reputation as a dispassionate and reserved statesman enhances the influence of the cordial response which he made last Monday to the suggestions of President Taft for an unreserved treaty of arbitration between the United States and this country. Mr. Taft's personal declarations in favor of this course, repeated upon at least two public occasions, carried, of course, no Governmental weight, and, indeed, were taken at the time as little more than pious aspirations. Sir Edward Grey's favorable attitude has raised them at a single move on to the plane of practical politics. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that his declaration initiates a new stage in the history of international relations. For it is the first full and warm acceptance, on the part of a European Foreign Minister, of the idea of substituting a judicial settlement for the arbitrament of arms in the graver issues between two nations. Many of those who in this country and America give the kindest welcome to the idea do not appear adequately to appraise its intrinsic and particular importance. Such a treaty, if it can be brought about, would, in their opinion, be more valuable as an example than as an achievement. For to ordinary citizens the notion of actual hostilities between this country and America has come to appear so monstrous that it has been difficult to realise that any provocation could bring it to pass. Now this view implies not only a short memory, but a rather dangerous misreading of national psychology. The fact that only sixteen years ago the two nations were brought suddenly to the very brink of war by the message of President Cleveland on the Venezuela question, ought to suffice to remind us of the enormous value of an agreement which should secure the automatic "adjudication of International Arbitration Courts in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiation, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money." It is true that the relations between the two countries since that time have shown a marked increase of friendliness, and that the present time is peculiarly opportune for setting those relations upon a permanent basis of peace and law. But these movements of popular feeling are very fluctuating, and it would be a thousand pities not to utilise the genuine current of goodwill which prevails now in both peoples to give stability and firm co-operation to the future policy of the two great Anglo-Saxon States. For the opportuneness does not merely consist in the friendly sentiments which exist upon both sides of the Atlantic. The United States, within the last few years, has openly and rapidly abandoned her formal policy of seclusion, and has stepped out boldly to take her part in world politics. The territorial acquisitions which have accompanied this change are, perhaps, not the most important aspect of this new policy. The enlarged commercial career which, on attaining her present stage of industrial development, she was bound to enter, the approaching completion of the Panama Canal, and, we must add, the adoption of a naval policy

which places her among the greatest Powers, combine to bring the United States into the full flood of international politics. As the territory, trade, and financial exploitation of the Pacific come to play the larger part they must play in the international affairs of European Powers, the United States must more and more be drawn into the race. Her present and, we believe, her permanent desires and interests make for peace. Her favorite spokesmen and advisers eagerly urge that she should enter her new career in the definite character of a peacemaker. But it would be foolish to disguise the risk that the nobler and more enduring tendency may be crossed and thwarted by one of those gusts of passion which sweep the ship of State out of its pre-ordained course, and bear it into perilous seas. One of the ablest recent analysts of American life observes that "in the attitude of the American towards foreign affairs, the love of peace and the delight in war combine to make a contrast which has rarely been seen."

If America is to be a real power for peace in the world, she cannot exercise that function by merely adding one more to the great armed Powers, scheming and struggling for trade and dominion. She can only do so by taking just that sort of initiative which President Taft desires. She can do so better than any other first-rate Power, precisely because she has hitherto stood aloof from "entangling alliances." It is natural and right that in her early tentative endeavor after this policy she should first approach Great Britain; for the common bonds of blood, language, and institutions make this the line of least resistance and of most reliable co-operation. It has hitherto been impossible for representative statesmen in European nations to achieve the faith in ideas and the confidence in pacific tendencies requisite for the great step which America and England can take together for the cause of civilisation. We do not forget that Mr. Taft has made no formal proposal, and that Sir Edward Grey accepted none. But though some organs of our Press speak in disparaging tones of the surrender of "sovereignty" involved in general arbitration, there can, we hold, be little doubt that a formal offer, authorised by the United States Government, would be welcomed by a Government of either party in this country, and would win the enthusiastic assent of our Parliament and people. We believe that not only statesmen like Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Root, but the sentiment of the great mass of the American people, would rally to the support of the proposal should it be formally set upon the platform.

But in considering its practicability, it would be wrong to forget that such a scheme must pass the severe test imposed by the Constitution of the United States in the case of Treaties—the obligation to obtain a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Senate. That body has often shown itself obdurate to the demands of popular opinion and of plain national interest, and fourteen years ago it wrecked a Treaty covering nearly the same objects as those now in contemplation. Strange as it may appear, the realisation of this beneficent idea in the near future probably depends more upon the accomplishment of Irish Home

Rule than upon any other conditions. For the hostility of Irish politicians in America has persisted for generations as a fruitful cause of embitterment in the relations of Great Britain and the United States, and the failure of the first Anglo-American Treaty was specially the work of Mr. Davitt. The open sore of Irish discontent once healed, the natural sympathy between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations will, in the United States, generate a compelling force of public opinion, which even the Senate would not dare defy, in favor of unrestricted arbitration and of that further co-operation in the great task of world-peace to which Sir Edward Grey looks forward as the outcome of an Anglo-American agreement.

THE MEANING OF HOME RULE.

AN important article which we publish this week by Mr. Barry O'Brien will help to clear the mind of many as to what is of the essence and what accidental or inessential in the idea of Home Rule. Comparatively few English people have now any objection to the bare principle of the management of Irish affairs by the Irish people. The difficulty is to decide what are Irish affairs. If we had in readiness a fully-thought-out scheme of Federation into which Ireland could, so to say, be dropped like a bullet into the mould, there would be no difficulty. But we have no Federal Parliament, and as long as we retain the Irish members at Westminster we have no machinery available for securing to Great Britain, or to the three divisions of Great Britain, an autonomy correlative to that which we wish to give to Ireland. As we argued last week, the only method of advance in such a situation is to deal with that part of the problem which is ripe for a solution in such a manner as to keep the remainder of the problem open to alternative solutions. We must find an interim definition of Irish affairs which will satisfy the essentials of the Irish demand without prejudice to the liberty of the Imperial Parliament to carry further the work of devolution on such lines as experience may show to be necessary. Now, the main difficulties that occur are two. They are, first, the retention of the Irish members, and, secondly, finance. On the first point Mr. O'Brien shows once more that the Irish were prepared to accept what the Imperial Parliament thought best. They would acquiesce in exclusion, they would acquiesce in retention; they would even, as a historic division in 1893 showed, acquiesce, though with natural reluctance, in retention in diminished numbers. Representation or non-representation at Westminster is not of the essence of their demand, which is responsible government at Dublin.

Turning to finance, we find that in the first instance Mr. Parnell, on the evidence of Mr. O'Brien, wished for a measure of control which would include the Customs. We find Sir James Knowles quite clearly expressing the decided opinion of English people that it would be an impossible arrangement, and we find a significant difference in the Irish attitude, again, as expressed by Mr. O'Brien, on this point, as compared with that of the control of the police. This is perfectly intelligible. A form

of self-government that did not include the maintenance of internal order, law, justice, and the police, would be a form devoid of content. With Customs it is otherwise. The United Kingdom might well survive a commercial union, though its parts should enjoy a high degree of self-government. The members of the American Union are not merely autonomous divisions of a great commonwealth: they are sovereign States. Yet they have but one Customs system, controlled entirely by the Federal Government. We do not think any other arrangement possible for the United Kingdom, nor under the changed circumstances is it likely that Ireland would desire it. In 1886 there might have been a question of Ireland protecting her manufactures against British competition. There was then no question of Britain protecting her farmers against Irish cattle or Irish butter. In these days, though Tariff Reform is, and will, we believe, remain, incapable of reversing our fiscal policy, it is none the less a movement in being, with which Irish statesmen will have to reckon, and they will not care to take the chance—even the remote chance—of the closing to Ireland of her nearest and best market. In point of fact the Bill of 1886, which was enthusiastically welcomed by Irishmen, not only withheld the Customs, but, as Mr. O'Brien reminds us, Excise as well. In point of fact the one involves the other; but we note the point as bearing on the possibilities of an interim adjustment, which should leave taxation generally in the hands of the Parliament at Westminster. Once again, the whole situation has altered since 1886. The Old Age Pensions Act has altered the balance between the British and the Irish Exchequers, and any new financial settlement must take this into account.

If we look at Mr. O'Brien's list, we get a fair preliminary view of what is regarded as essential to Imperial interests on the one side and to Irish national interests on the other. On the one side are questions of Foreign Policy, Defence, the Crown, the Currency, the Post Office. On the other stand Land, Education, Law and Justice, and Police. Finance is the debatable territory. What would naturally fall to the Irish Parliament would be the power of direct taxation, such as rates, income tax, succession duty, and we take it that in the final settlement the manner in which these are levied will not concern the Imperial Parliament. The business of the Imperial Treasury will be to see that Ireland contributes her share to Imperial expenditure, and for this purpose it will be necessary, first to determine what Ireland contributes through Customs and Excise; next, what Ireland receives from the Imperial Exchequer; thirdly, what is due from Ireland as her share of Imperial expenditure. The second and third items being added together, and the first being deducted, the residue is the debt of Ireland to the Imperial Treasury, and this debt she will, in the final settlement, be left to raise by such methods of direct taxation as her own Parliament decides to impose.

Now the accurate assessment of the items in that calculation will be matter of great difficulty, more particularly if the attempt is made to strike a balance for good and all at the moment when the Home Rule system is to be set up. Home Rule itself will vitally affect the finan-

cial position. It will render some forms of expenditure on Ireland unnecessary, while it is confidently expected so to revive Irish prosperity as to increase her financial ability to contribute to purposes of Imperial defence. None of the points enumerated by Mr. Barry O'Brien as essential to the Irish demand would be missed if the financial adjustment were temporarily postponed. The Irish Government would receive a fixed sum, calculated on the basis of the actual cost of administration during the last five years, for the administration of Ireland. This sum it would administer at its own discretion, and it would therewith be free to deal with education, with land, with justice and police, with industrial regulations, with administration in general. We do not see why, if the Irish Parliament finds the sum insufficient, it should not have the further power of adding to it by direct taxation. The arrangement would hold for a stated period, after which full financial autonomy, subject to the necessities of a customs and military union, would come into play. In the meantime, Ireland would enjoy full self-government in those respects which Mr. O'Brien shows to have constituted the essence of Parnell's demand. She would enter the list of the nations owning free allegiance to the British flag along with Canada, Australia, and United South Africa.

FRUITS OF THE NAVAL SCARE.

EVERY member of the Liberal Party will, we are sure, be anxious to give the fullest possible value to Sir Edward Grey's disclosure of what the leading Viennese paper calls a "wide vista" of world-peace. But broad and fair as is that prospect, it must not divert us from the more immediate and urgent problem of armaments. Peace with America is good; an instrument of peace, working by force of example through the entire network of civilised and semi-civilised communities, and establishing, as it goes, the appropriate agents and centres of its beneficent work, is better still. But we also want relief for this hour and this generation, and for the special difficulty between England and Germany. How does Monday's debate on Mr. Murray Macdonald's motion advance this object? Let us offer a word of caution. It will not do to set out this large idea of an all-inclusive arbitral treaty with America in the form of an alliance armed at point against rival Powers or combinations of Powers. This would be to raise against the Taft-Grey proposal something akin to Milton's gibe against the covenanting presbyter that he was merely "old priest, writ large." Certainly the world would have no reason to welcome the mere partnership of a "new" Republic with an "old" Monarchy. We can always make a treaty with America; an alliance, offensive and defensive, neither she nor we ought to make. The mapping out for peace of a wide neutral zone of earth is the essential notion of the English, as of the American, statesman, and both countries should firmly adhere to it. But when we have set Sir Edward Grey's vision in its true light, we have still to consider the progress of Anglo-German relationships. And we confess that we greatly dislike Mr. McKenna's treatment of this ques-

tion. He now admits that he misinterpreted the German proposals for 1909, and that if he had read them accurately he would have charged their Admiralty, not with the intention of building ships too fast, but with the design to build bigger ones. He adds that when he discovered the truth, he kept it to himself, fearing lest its disclosure might lead to a panic. In that case, no doubt, there would have been two panics, one caused by Mr. McKenna's false reading of the German Fleet Bill, and the other by his true one. But why should the House of Commons have been induced to sanction a great shipbuilding programme because of a pernicious and secret German plot against our supremacy, when, in fact, no such plot existed, and Germany was merely following the example of America, and planning out Dreadnoughts with a heavier displacement than she or we had built before? Was this either a crime or a menace to our supremacy? We are now building ships of 27,000 tons against her maximum of 22,000. Have we, in turn, violated an unwritten code of naval honor? Mr. McKenna assures the House that there was no real deception, and that he recalled his errors in the debate of March 29, 1909. He did, in fact, recite the German denials in a form to which it appears that neither he nor the House attached importance, for in the month of June we find him saying that he was "prepared to stand by every statement" he had made in March, and affirming his former estimates of the output of German ships for 1912 and of the general process of acceleration. That the House, the country, and the Press relied on his melodramatic impeachment in its original form, students of the agitations of 1909 and 1910 are well aware, and it was indeed a strange conception of Ministerial honor and responsibility which could allow such a movement to proceed without a prompt and fully explicit communication of the facts.

Nor can the method of the First Lord be separated from the policy which accompanied it. The eight Dreadnoughts are admittedly the result of the panic agitation. But what difference, ask Mr. McKenna and the "Westminster Gazette," exists between laying down eight Dreadnoughts in 1909, to be followed by five and five in 1910 and 1911, and laying down six in the first and each of the two following years? What difference! Only the difference between need and not need, between steady equable building and building over-much and over-hastily, and in advance of the latest knowledge. We dispute the necessity of this heavy annual building, but does this forcing of the pace yield the signs of the "able" administration of the Admiralty which the "Westminster" finds in Mr. McKenna's association with that office? Or shall we seek them in the endless alarms and exaggerations that have sprung, like the imps from Pandora's box, out of his speeches of 1909? We notice that the "Westminster," brushing aside possible defects of method, acclaims the result of this conduct, on the ground that it has yielded no more than a proper margin of security:—

"The only question seriously at issue," it says, "is whether the result arrived at for 1914, when we shall have

thirty Dreadnoughts to the German twenty-one, provides a reasonable and not excessive margin of superiority. The attack on it from the economist's point of view is mainly a suggestion that four more ships ought to be added to our total, the two Colonial Dreadnoughts and two ships of the pre-Dreadnought type, the "Lord Nelson" and the "Agamemnon," which some naval officers are alleged to consider the equal or even the superior of the Dreadnoughts. We wish with all our hearts that this calculation could be accepted. But the Colonial Dreadnoughts will be in Australasian waters by the year 1914, and cannot, therefore, be reckoned as part of the defensive force in European waters, and if the two pre-Dreadnoughts can be counted as the equals of their successors, then the whole recent policy of all the Admiralties of the world must stand condemned."

Excess stands confessed in this plea of moderation.

For obviously the McKenna margin can be obtained within a period of two years, and our precipitation has put us a year too forward, and has furnished us with an older type of ship than we need. The First Lord admitted in Thursday's debate that there was no need to lay down the ships of the present programme before the end of this year or even the beginning of next. That is a clear admission of needless building in the earlier period of his administration. And how can Mr. McKenna, who in 1909 professed content with a margin of three Dreadnoughts, added to our pre-Dreadnought superiority, now claim that the estimates, which are supposed to yield this advantage over Germany, should properly show the really tremendous surplus of over two squadrons of Dreadnoughts? But that is not all, or anything like all. Is it suggested that only Dreadnoughts are "capital" ships, *i.e.*, ships that can properly be placed in the line of battle? And if this be not the case, what measure of our enormous lead over Germany can be given by leaving out over forty non-obsolete battleships, nearly every one of which is superior to the strongest of the remaining German vessels? We can understand such minimising calculations if it is desired to keep bad blood flowing between us and Germany. But if it is the object to get at the truth, to give a sense of reasonable security to the country, to restore the weakened force of Liberal ideas, and to ameliorate the foreign situation, we think them singularly ill-advised. As for the elimination of the Colonial Dreadnoughts from the fighting British Navy, we can only describe it as a most serious reflection on Mr. McKenna's policy. Those ships were offered to this country after the "disclosures" of 1909 as a sign of affectionate support to her in an hour which was believed to be one of peril. They are now to be subtracted from the available fighting force of the home fleets, and sent to their distant ports, and Mr. McKenna assents to that withdrawal. Could there be more emphatic proof that the danger was imaginary from the beginning, and that we have been punished for our scare-fit by an outburst of random extravagance in ship-building? The ground of the whole mischief appears in the First Lord's admission that he had to consider, not only the criticism of his own Party, but that of the Opposition. What is the value of that criticism? What, to-day, is the worth of Mr. Balfour's monstrous fantasy of twenty-one or twenty-five Dreadnoughts next year, or the "Observer's" forecast of nine "certain" German Dreadnoughts last

December, and thirteen "certain" Dreadnoughts next month, both dates being scheduled in advance as our "first" and "second" "danger period?" Sane men need not follow the will-o'-the-wisp statesmanship which in the last few days has dropped the two-Power standard it initiated for a two-keels-to-one standard against Germany. The Liberal Government that would move a step in chase of such vagaries is lost, and well deserves to be lost.

However, we shall take some incidental words in Mr. McKenna's and Sir Edward Grey's speeches as proofs that the controversy between the Admiralty and the bulk of the Liberal Party is coming to an end. Both led the House to think that our spurt in Dreadnought building was nearly over, and that the present Estimates were the "high tide." The condition is that the German Fleet Law undergoes no further expansion. But though our own programme is lavish and even superfluous, it is reasonable to hope that the Germans will abstain from adding to theirs, and that from now the relationships between the two countries will show a gradual and notable appeasement. The two Governments are, we believe, ready for such a change. The peoples are equally ready; and the Liberal Party is its natural and willing agent.

"A FEDERAL UNION WITH IRELAND."

PEOPLE are now talking and writing about "A Federal Union with Ireland," as if the idea were absolutely new, and that they deserve immense credit for discovering it. But it is as old as the days of Isaac Butt at all events, though perhaps the new Federalists never read his book on "Irish Federalism," nor Mr. John George McCarthy's admirable little pamphlet, published in 1872, entitled "A Plea for the Home Government of Ireland." A Federal Union with Ireland may be a good thing or a bad thing, but it is not a new idea.

I may perhaps be permitted to give a personal reminiscence on the subject.*

In August, 1885, Mr. James Knowles (whose name I may now give) wrote asking me to call upon him, as he desired my help "on a subject connected with the union between England and Ireland." I learned from him subsequently that he had written to me at the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone. He said:—

"[Mr. Gladstone] thinks that this Irish question—this question of Home Rule—has now come to the front, and must be faced. He wishes me to publish some articles, not on Home Rule, but on the Irish case generally. They must be dispassionate and historical, and he named you as the man to write them."

I suggested that probably what Mr. Gladstone wanted was an article which would give some account of Ireland during the Union, and would, in fact, deal with the question whether the Union had proved a successful experiment or not. Mr. Knowles said, "Exactly." The result of our first interview was that I wrote an article which appeared in the "Nineteenth Century" in November, 1885, entitled, "Irish Wrongs and English Remedies." Mr. Gladstone, I believe, saw the proof. In a second letter, Mr. Knowles said that we should come to closer quarters with the question. Early in November Mr. Knowles wrote to me saying, "When can we have a talk about your second article?" I called upon him immediately, when the following conversation took place. Mr. Knowles said:—

"Now, I think the time has come to have an article on Home Rule. What I should like you to tell me is,

* I have dealt fully with this subject in the "Life of Charles Stewart Parnell."

not what you think would be the best system, but what Mr. Parnell would accept. We want to get Mr. Parnell's mind on paper."

I then stated the points on which I thought Parnell would insist, and the points on which he would be prepared to accept a compromise or give way:—

1. There must be an Irish Parliament and an Irish Executive for the management of Irish affairs. No system of local government would do. It was not local, but national, government which the Irish people wanted.

2. Parnell would not stand out upon the question whether there should be one or two Chambers. He would be quite willing to follow Mr. Gladstone's lead on that point.

3. Neither would he stand out on the question whether the Irish members should remain in the Imperial Parliament, or be excluded from it. The Catholic Church would certainly be in favor of their retention, in order that Catholic interests might be represented, but the bulk of the Irish Nationalists would not really care one way or the other. The chances are that if they were retained they would rarely attend.

4. What should be Irish and what Imperial affairs? This really was the crux of the whole scheme:

(a) Irish Affairs: Irish affairs should include land, education, law and justice, police, Customs.

Mr. Knowles: "Are you sure about the police?"

"Certainly. Parnell would insist upon the police. If you refused he would make the refusal a *casus belli*. I have no doubt about that."

Mr. Knowles: "Well, Customs?"

"Parnell would certainly like the Customs. He wants protection for Irish industries—for a time, at all events."

Mr. Knowles: "Well, he won't get it. That much is perfectly clear. We won't give him the Customs. Would he make the refusal a *casus belli*?"

"No; if you give him land, education, law and justice, and police he would be satisfied; but these things are vital. He would, however, make a fight for the Customs, I think."

(b) Imperial Affairs: Imperial affairs should include foreign policy (peace or war), the Army and Navy, the Crown, the currency, and the Post Office. "The Irish would not trouble themselves much about Imperial affairs. What they want is to have the building up of their own nation in their own hands. Give them an Irish Parliament with full power for the government of Ireland, and they would let the British run the Empire."

Ultimately I wrote an article for the "Nineteenth Century." Mr. Knowles himself supplied the heading, without consulting me on the point. He called it "A Federal Union with Ireland."

In March, 1886, the first Home Rule Bill was introduced. People now forget the details of this measure. It may be worth while to recall the division which it made between Irish and "Imperial" affairs. The Irish Parliament was given power to make laws for the peace and good government of Ireland, subject to the following exceptions. It could not make laws relating to:—

- (1) The status or dignity of the Crown, or the succession to the Crown, or a Regency.
- (2) The making of peace or war.
- (3) The Army, Navy, Militia, Volunteers, or other military or naval forces, or the defence of the realm.
- (4) Treaties and other relations with foreign States, or the relations between the various parts of the Empire.
- (5) Dignities or titles of honor.
- (6) Prize or booty of war.
- (7) Offences against the law of nations; or offences committed in violation of any treaty made, or to be made, with foreign States; or offences committed on the high seas.
- (8) Treason, alienage, or naturalisation.
- (9) Trade, navigation, or quarantine.
- (10) The postal and telegraph service, except with respect to the transmission of letters and telegrams in Ireland.
- (11) Beacons, lighthouses, or sea marks.

(12) The coinage; the value of foreign money; legal tender; or weights and measures.

(13) Copyright, patent rights, or other exclusive rights to the use or profit of any works or inventions.

The Irish Parliament was also prevented from making any law:—

(1) Respecting the establishment or endowment of any religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or

(2) Imposing any disability, or conferring any privilege, on account of religious belief; or

(3) Abrogating or derogating from the right to establish or maintain any place of denominational education, or any denominational institution or charity; or

(4) Prejudicially affecting the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money, without attending the religious instruction at that school; or

(5) Impairing, without either the leave of H.M. in Council first obtained, on an address presented by the Legislative Body of Ireland, or the consent of the corporation interested, the rights, property, or privileges of any existing corporation incorporated by Royal Charter, or local and general Act of Parliament; or

(6) Imposing or relating to duties of customs and duties of excise, as defined by this Act, or either of such duties, or affecting any Act relating to such duties, or either of them; or

(7) Affecting this Act, except in so far as it is declared alterable by the Irish Legislature.

The Irish Members, as is well known, were excluded from Westminster.

By the Home Rule Act of 1893, matters expressly reserved for the "Imperial Parliament" were substantially the same as under the Act of 1886, namely:—

- (1) The Crown or the succession.
 - (2) The making of peace or war; or matters arising from a state of war.
 - (3) Naval or military forces, and the defence of the realm.
 - (4) Authority to use or carry arms for military purposes.
 - (5) Treaties and other relations with foreign States.
 - (6) Dignities or titles of honor.
 - (7) Treason, treason-felony, alienage, or naturalisation.
 - (8) Trade with any place out of Ireland.
 - (9) Lighthouses, buoys, or beacons.
 - (10) Coinage; legal tender; or the standard of weights and measures.
 - (11) Trade marks, merchandise marks, copyright, or patent rights.
 - (12) The election laws and the laws relating to the qualification of electors of members of the House of Commons.
 - (13) Any change in the Home Rule Act, except in so far as it was expressly authorised in the Act itself.
- The Irish Parliament were prevented from making any law,
- (1) Respecting the establishment or endowment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.
 - (2) Imposing any disability, or conferring any privilege, advantage, or benefit on account of religious belief; or raising or appropriating any revenue for any religious purpose.
 - (3) Diverting the property; or, without its consent, altering the constitution of any religious body.
 - (4) Abrogating or prejudicially affecting the right to establish or maintain any place of denominational education, or the right of the child to attend it, or any denominational institution or charity.
 - (5) Interfering with Habeas Corpus.
 - (6) Imposing any disability or conferring any privilege on account of parentage or birth.

The Irish members were to be retained at Westminster. It is worth while to quote what Mr. Gladstone said on this subject. Reviewing the arguments for and against retaining the Irish members:—

"He declined to regard the question as at all vital to the Bill, but announced that it proposed to retain them, eighty instead of over a hundred strong, with

limited powers of voting. First of all, they would be excluded from voting upon any motion or Bill expressly confined to Great Britain; secondly, they were not to vote for any tax not levied in Ireland, nor for any appropriation of money otherwise than for Imperial services—the schedule to the Bill naming the services—nor on motions or resolutions exclusively affecting Great Britain, or things or persons therein. With reference, however, to the first restriction, it seemed to the Government that there should be some way of raising the question whether or not the Bill or motion ought to be extended to Ireland, and, therefore, Irish members would not be excluded from voting for a motion 'incidental to' such Bill or motion." *

During the discussion on the Home Rule Bill of 1886, Mr. Chamberlain spoke about the relations between Canada and England in such a way as to leave some people under the impression that he would be in favor of a settlement of the Irish question on Canadian lines. But it did not seem quite clear whether Mr. Chamberlain was in favor of such a constitutional arrangement between England and Ireland as existed between the Dominion of Canada and England, or such an arrangement as existed between the Provinces of Canada and the Dominion. Subsequently I had a conversation with Mr. Chamberlain on this point. I said to him:—

"I should like to talk to you about what you said on the subject of Canadian Home Rule. I am satisfied that you attacked the exclusion of the Irish members [from the English Parliament] to kill the Bill, but I think you said things about Canada which are open to the interpretation that you might favor the establishment of an Irish Parliament. The matter is not quite clear to me."

Mr. Chamberlain: "I do not think you should press me too hard. I stated my object was to kill the Bill. I have no doubt that I said many things that may have been open to some such interpretation as you suggest. I will take this case of Canada, though I really cannot recollect very well now what I did say. Still, I think my idea was this: other people had been talking about Canadian Home Rule besides me, and the point I took up was, What is meant by Canadian Home Rule? Is it meant that the relations between England and Ireland are to be the same as the relations between the Dominion Parliament and England? If that is meant, then it is Separation. Mr. Gladstone himself is not prepared to establish the same relations between England and Ireland as exist between the Dominion Parliament of Canada and the Imperial Parliament. Or do you mean such relations as exist between the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Parliaments? But what are the relations between the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Parliaments in Canada? Certain powers are delegated by the Dominion to the provincial legislatures, but that is not what the Bill proposes to do with reference to Ireland. It does not delegate certain powers to Ireland. On the contrary, it gives Ireland power to legislate upon Irish matters generally, reserving certain things to the Imperial Parliament. I think that was the line I took. However open I may be to criticism in whatever I said, my aim was, as I say, to kill the Bill."

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

(To be continued.)

THE IDEAS OF SIR EDWARD GREY.

THE Radical Party, setting forth on Monday to catch a small (if slippery) fish, in the person of the First Lord of the Admiralty, had the good luck to capture a larger and more important trophy. The feat was in the line, if not in the direct purpose, of the original enterprise. Parliamentary Liberalism has long been threatened with the loss of the whole foundation of its policy. The Naval Estimates for 1911, following on the confession of the false news, or the false valua-

tion of news, on which they and their predecessors had been based, were the last item in an overdue account, and the time for explanations had clearly arrived. In their turn, the explanations did not prove to be highly explanatory. They were greeted with icy silence and stony looks. In making them, Mr. McKenna appealed to the "generous" instincts of the House of Commons. The Commons are, indeed, generous to the kind of impulsive error which mis-states a fact in the mere heat of argument. And a party soon forgives a warm, if indiscreet, champion. But the bulk of the Parliamentary Liberals did not and do not so assess the calamitous errors of 1909. The situation has become equally distasteful to the average partisan and to the idealists. The former has seen the finance and the electoral fortunes of the party in grave peril. The latter forebode the eclipse of their social policy and of their hopes on international relationships. Not lightly does victorious Liberalism see itself back to the old bondage of the Philistines—

"Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves."

Mr. McKenna's appearance at the bar of opinion did not visibly impress the easily-stirred current of Parliamentary sympathy. Manner is a great passport to its favor, especially when, as in the case of Sir Edward Grey or Mr. Burns—to take two widely different types of men—it represents the simple, close-fitting vesture of character. But Mr. McKenna is over-mannered—indeed, like the "young man of the name of Guppy," he is all manner. So that when his voice trembles in appeal, or thrills with conscious truthfulness, or deepens to patriotic emotion, one is less conscious of an exhibition of natural force than of a rehearsal of cleverly calculated effects. Nor was the substance of the speech at all convincing. Earlier in the afternoon, the First Lord had advanced under the protecting shield of Mr. Chiozza Money, who had thrown a slightly warmer cadence into his support of "me right honorable friend" than he seemed to give to his more reasoned devotion to the mere "honorable friends" immediately around him. Thus fortified, the First Lord proceeded to touch, with necessary lightness, on his allocation to Germany of an imaginary squadron of Dreadnoughts. The matter proved to be quite simple. The figures for the German construction vote of 1909 showed an allowance for the four new ships of some £1,300,000. The inference was that either the ships were to be built quicker, or that they were to be bigger. Mr. McKenna chose the former inference, apparently as being the kinder to Germany. He discovered his error, and rectified it with so much delicacy of phrasing that the erratum quite escaped the attention of the House of Commons and the country. When it was clear (as the Germans explained within a few hours of the fable that had flown north and south to do its tragic work) that there was no acceleration, there remained the truth that the new Dreadnoughts were undeniably bigger than the old. Mr. McKenna tactfully omitted to add that everybody, including ourselves, were planning larger Dreadnoughts, but he told the House that, when the fact as to the size and cost of the German vessels became obvious, he kept it to himself, as being calculated to raise a scare.

Thus the Commons assented to the programmes of 1909 and 1910 under the impression that certain facts were true, whereas Mr. McKenna had withdrawn them, and was nobly locking up the real secret in his breast. As to the British answer to these ironclads, his method had merely been to build eight in the first year, and five in the second and third, instead of six for all three years. Again, a mere readjustment for detail, doubtless involving the "acceleration" which we had wrongly attributed to the Germans, and also the rather eccentric administrative course of building older ships prematurely when newer ones in due time would have served a better purpose, and of adding to the Navy four more Dreadnoughts than we wanted. But what of that? After all, it only meant that in 1914 we should possess thirty Dreadnoughts against Germany's twenty-one, a balance obtained by the deft subtraction of the Colonial ships, launched in the great wave of Imperial enthusiasm as a final bulwark against the German peril. Having thus contrived to sharpen afresh the German antagonism

* Annual Register, 1893. p. 34.

in the speech which ought to have softened it, Mr. McKenna proceeded to reveal the single spot of naval policy in which one could see the hand of reason. The new Estimates were to be regarded as the "high tide" of our programmes. If there were no additions to the German Fleet Law, next year would see a decrease. The suggestion was put with no special form or mood of conciliation, but it did leave the prospect of a real appeasement a little brighter than before.

Clearly the controversy could not be left in this still inconclusive and even menacing stage. Mr. Ponsonby's very interesting speech on the Macdonald motion might not have been an absolute reflection of the mind of the whole party. But it breathed Liberalism; and of stilted official doctrine the men to the right of the Chair had heard enough. Who, therefore, could compose these discontents and arrest the growing alienation? All depended on Sir Edward Grey, and though his gifts as a Parliamentary speaker are remarkable, few expected that mere candor and charm of speech could blow away the forebodings of the hour. Nor was there much to hope for in its opening passages, and its cold summary of the naval situation. The Estimates were those of the Cabinet, and the margin of superior strength they established was not excessive. Nor could any relief from the burden of armaments be obtained by one sufferer seeking remedy in front of another. All must act together or not at all; indeed, one-handed action might even yield an increase in the preparations of a rival Power. Free communication of views between Governments—the German and the English Government—was something; agreement might do something more, though one must remember Germany's obligation to make her tale of Dreadnoughts up to thirty-three.

Not less hemmed in with iron bands seemed, in Sir Edward's view, to be the larger society of nations. Armaments were their curse, as they were ours, for they threatened the very life of civilisation. In this there was a double paradox. Armaments grew, not only as nations multiplied their friendly relations with each other, but as they became more civilised. Yet where were the means of escape, for no community could move first, or without another? And no remedy appearing, the hapless sons of men must needs go on until "internal revolution" drove one State to chaos, and taxation, reaching down to hunger point, wiped out another. Thus was the world "in bondage" to itself, with the door of its captivity locked on the inside. Thus, in this City of Destruction, doomed by the self-devouring lusts of its citizens, none must move to escape, for though to stay was ruin, to fly was—well, Sir Edward Grey did not quite say what it was. He merely left his hearers to infer that it was something inconceivably more terrible than the "death and damnation" which he painted in this Dantesque coloring.

Had the Foreign Secretary stopped his discourse at this point, not even the pleasure which the House of Commons invariably feels in listening to the unadorned eloquence of this interesting man could have veiled its disappointment. But there are two Edward Greys—a Grey who takes no step that the intelligent official cannot take with him, and a Grey who does not disdain the dreams of mankind, and is even visibly touched by them. Suddenly, and with some snap in the logical sequence of his speech, the second personality emerged in an almost impassioned sketch of a warless world, approached by a chain of alliances on arbitral lines, such as President Taft has just imagined for England and America. Of such a plan, based on an unconditional scheme of arbitration between the two great Anglo-Saxon communities, our Foreign Secretary professed himself a warm adherent. There had, as yet, been no proposals. But, if they came, they would be received with delight, and not merely the British Government, but Parliament itself, would be called in to pass a ratifying Act of perpetual peace.

For the first time on this melancholy evening the Liberals broke into loud acclamations. A new and wider horizon had been opened, with a prospect of escape from

the encircling vision of Dreadnoughts. The criticism of such a scheme was obvious, and Sir Edward gave some point to it by his suggestion that the first extension of the peace alliance might be action against a third Power which attacked the rights of one of the contracting parties and refused arbitration. Nor had the high excursion of the Foreign Secretary visibly touched the lower plane of practical politics in which the incessant pressure of armaments, and the subsistence of the Anglo-German quarrel, were the most visible and the most alarming objects. He might even be held to have unconsciously inflamed these differences by suggesting an aggressive bond between the two States with which German polity is least in sympathy. But the Liberal Party felt that no such purpose was in the speaker's mind, and that more important even than his substantive proposals was his wide view of State development, offered at a most critical passage of the world's history. So the Radicals and Labor men, who presently voted for the Macdonald motion, realised that they had done something more than read a lesson to Mr. McKenna. They had brought a Foreign Secretary to think, and to give his thought to the nations, for them to shape to their well-being.

H. W. M.

Life and Letters.

FROM ARBITRATION TO CONCERT.

THE achievement of results is not always the greatest service which the man of affairs may render to progress. He rarely invents and seldom initiates. In nine cases out of ten, whether he promotes legislation or reforms taxation or forces some stride in that concerted march of peoples which we call diplomacy, he uses the brains of other men, and adapts ideas which may have been current for a generation. There are hints of Mr. George's Budget in the writings of Tom Paine, and Leibnitz foreshadowed The Hague Conference more than two centuries before the Tsar. Short of the final accomplishment of an idea, there is a stage in which the practical statesman may give it reality by merely making it his own. There is a chivalry between the dreamers and the workers, as there is a chivalry between men and women. When the moderate hard-headed man, whom the least idealistic of his contemporaries treats with respect, takes his stand on some limited issue beside the thinkers and the pioneers, he accomplishes the last, but perhaps the most difficult, phase of the spiritual chemistry which transmutes the thought into fact. In the making of the world's peace such strangely varied personalities as the Tsar and "C.-B.," Mr. Taft and Sir Edward Grey have each done their part as men of affairs. The great advance registered by Sir Edward Grey's speech of Monday has been recognised by a somewhat startled world with a becoming generosity. It must set the wheels of the world's diplomatic machinery moving, and whether the pace be swift or slow, it has at all events been quickened. It will move the surer if at the same time a debate is engaged among those who agree in willing the end, upon the necessarily imperfect means which Mr. Taft and Sir Edward Grey have between them suggested. Arbitration has been for twenty years the standard solution of the problems of war and peace. It follows the simple analogy of civil procedure. It appeals directly to the instinct which would have us extend the limits of municipal law over international disputes. The pulpit has made it its own. The working-man, who reasons from his own experience of strikes, adopts it eagerly and with an intimate understanding. But we may well consider whether it is the only expedient, or rather how its essential idea may be brought to bear on the conflicts which do in practice most readily lead to war. It is worth while to recall that at the time when a sense of international solidarity first began to find expression among statesmen, in the generation of Gladstone and Bright, it was to Conferences and to the Concert of Europe, as well as to arbitration, that practical men looked for a solution.

We may assume that when Sir Edward Grey spoke of arbitration, he meant to include all the various processes which are popularly included under that name. There are some disputes which are better settled by jurists acting independently as experts, and others which can best be dealt with by arbiters who are the nominees of Governments. The real dividing line of difficulty is not between affairs of honor and lesser matters. Any dispute may become an affair of honor if the nations which are parties to it are in a sufficiently bad temper. The Hull fishing outrage and the question of the Casablanca deserters might, with some plausibility, have been classed as affairs of honor, and yet they proved to be peculiarly suited to arbitration. The really difficult cases arise where one nation, or both, have at stake some interest which cannot readily be measured by any recognised legal standard. Let us glance at the more recent disputes which have actually led to wars, or to the threat of war. We do not readily see on what principles a Court of Arbitration, which appealed to recognised principles of law, could have settled the dispute between Spain and the United States over Cuba. The Maine outrage was not the real *casus belli*. Can we conceive a Court at The Hague deciding whether, in fact, Spanish rule was oppressive and retrograde, whether the Cubans had the right to rebel and the ability to govern themselves, whether they ought to accept Spanish Home Rule, or did well to declare their independence, and, lastly, whether the United States, on any general conception of the world's good or of "manifest destiny," had the right to intervene? Or, again, what would a Court at The Hague, on which an assessor of autocratic Russia might have sat, have made of our demand that Mr. Kruger should admit the Outlanders to the franchise? Had Russia and Japan gone before it to decide their claims in Korea and Manchuria, must it not have non-suited them both, and declared that it recognised no legal claim whatever in these territories save those of the Emperors of China and Korea?

Our last dispute with Abdul Hamid might have been equally difficult to adjust on purely legal grounds. The Hague might have considered on the basis of firmans and maps and treaties whether Egypt or Turkey had, in fact, sovereign rights over those few contested acres on the edge of the desert of Sinai. But it must have ignored what was, in reality, the whole essence of our contention—that a military establishment at that particular point was a menace to our occupation of Egypt. On what recognised principles could The Hague have fixed the limits of French intervention in Morocco, or decided, a generation ago, upon our claim to occupy Egypt? It might usefully decide the historic validity of our pretensions to exercise a sort of protectorate over Koweit. That is a matter of fact and law. But could it, if the dispute over the Bagdad Railway became more acute, be asked to settle the general question whether our interests in India and the Persian Gulf entitle us, in effect, to veto the building of a German railway in Turkish territory? Or what, again, would happen if Persia were to appeal against the Russian occupation, or Mexico (if events should develop as pessimists fear) against armed American intervention in the North? Jurists or chance neutrals might find it hard to determine what degree of anarchy or incapacity in a weak country will justify the intervention of a stronger Power.

It may be objected to this line of criticism that, while arbitration can do little for semi-civilised States, it will at least remove the risk of war between the Great Powers. That is true, as the Hull case and the Venezuelan dispute amply show. Unluckily, it is in consequence of some dispute over the dying nations that the Great Powers are apt to drift into war, and it is largely in order to maintain their ability to act firmly in such disputes that they pile up armaments. The Transvaal was excluded from The Hague; the Korean envoy committed suicide to protest against his exclusion. If Persia were to appeal for arbitration she would doubtless be told, as Gladstone told Egypt, that the Russian occupation was not an act of war. But however severely one might limit the comity of nations, and

however strictly one might distinguish between formal wars and warlike operations, the fact would remain that the Great Powers would continue to arm for these contingencies. The Hague might refuse to arbitrate for the Sultan of Morocco, but it could not ignore a dispute between France and Germany over Morocco. The question-begging phrase about affairs of honor has obscured our thinking through all this controversy. When a nation talks of its honor, cynics incline to look for the steel trust or the oil company or the gold mine in the background.

The final and largest desideratum, therefore, would seem to be, not so much an august judge to decide points of law, as a disinterested tribunal which will adjust sectional interests to the common good. If England desires to hold Egypt, or the States to occupy Mexico, or to annoy Japan by excluding Asiatics, or if Russia desires to "civilise" Persia, the question cannot be decided merely on legal grounds. It may be left to the interested parties to decide by the rule of the stronger, or it may be submitted to some court competent to weigh the ambitions of one Power against the good of all, and to hold the balance even between the aspirations of the weak and the interests of the strong. It probably was, on the whole, for the good both of Cuba and of Spain that the States should have held the island for a season. It certainly would be well for Persia that she should have some European guidance, but as certainly mischievous that the Power to render this aid should be Russia. There is at present no tribunal which is competent to consider such questions as these, yet such are the questions which lead to war. If we were to be involved to-morrow in a dispute with Germany over African boundaries, it may be safely assumed that, however high our mutual jealousies might rage, the matter would be referred to arbitration. So much civilisation has achieved. We can trust a court to deal with maps and treaties. It is equally certain that if we were to quarrel over Bagdad and the Persian Gulf no man who understood the working of diplomacy would suggest a reference to The Hague. The Hague cannot assess the relative validity of our claim to dominate round the Gulf and Germany's ambition to open up Asiatic Turkey to trade. There is no code or standard or measure by which such rivalry can be tried. A mediator might propose a mutually acceptable compromise, or the Concert of Europe, looking only to the general good, might impose a solution.

Parallel, therefore, with the growth of arbitration, must go an attempt, equally resolute and equally sincere, to develop all the latent possibilities of concerted international counsel. The Concert is the method by which disputes over semi-civilised States are best solved, and it is these disputes which, in the modern world, are the primary cause of wars and armaments. M. Jaurès, in one of his prophetic orations from the tribune of the French Chamber, passing somewhat lightly over the claims of arbitration, declared that the world's peace would be assured only when the Eastern peoples and dependencies achieved their freedom: he went there to the root of the matter. The organisation of the Concert, in our view, must go far beyond the occasional summoning of congresses. It is not Utopian to conceive of the establishment under the auspices of The Hague of some permanent bureau which should act as a Tribune of the Plebs among the armed patricians of the older world. To it might appeal a bankrupt South American Republic, or a deeply indebted Sultan or Shah, when the bondholders are at his throat. To it a harassed native Government might turn when it wanted an administrator or a gendarme of genius. It might impose control, or even undertake measures of police. It might make a temporary use of the navies and armies of the Powers. But its interventions would be disinterested. Its occupations would not be permanent. It might act on the mandate of the Concert, or the invitation of the native State. But whether it came with a welcome or entered by force, at least it would stand for a conception of guardianship and fraternal aid which would know nothing of Imperial ambitions, and stand above the pressure of financial interests. Allies can always

keep the peace even without a formal treaty to arbitrate. There is permanent peace between Austria and Germany, and between France and Russia. The worst of all solutions would be a federation among the strong to bully the weak. The key to the world's peace is in the adoption of an ideal of cosmopolitan good. The natural instrument of that ideal is a Concert to uphold and to supplement the growing work of The Hague.

THE OXFORD MOOD.

Was it ever possible? Could such a place as Oxford really ever have existed? To anyone who for thirty years or more has struggled up and down the world, mingling in its dust and smoke, striving for livelihood or success, while hardly once in five years did a thought go back to that queer old place where he was supposed to have been educated, the first sensation called up by the name of Oxford is wonder. Can there ever have been a place where youths of eighteen to twenty-two, who spent fully £200 in living there for six months of the year (an average of £8 a week!), and had nothing dependent on them, except perhaps a dog, were thought poor? Can there ever have been a place where the victuals that a youth's parents paid for—the bread, chickens, pressed beef, pies, and so on—disappeared in large quantities after meals and were seen no more, being devoured or sold by recognised and impenitent thieves called scouts? Or a place where a highly educated gentleman, often a priest of religion, accepted from a youth's parents the annual earnings of a working woman, because he was called the youth's "tutor," and took him three dull walks a year? Was there once a place where no self-respecting man thought of working in the afternoon, and where to the majority it seemed always afternoon? Was that place really called a seat of learning? Is it credible that, in a seat of learning, the few working hours were chiefly given to spelling out languages that not one per cent. ever learnt to read, and in writing such prose and verse in those languages as no mortal would have spent his time writing in English? And is it credible that, in a seat of learning, the students were penalised unless in the morning and evening they wore an ugly little coat of stuff that was neither warm nor waterproof, and a hat funny beyond the dreams of feminine caprice?

If such a city can ever have existed, one perceives that the Voyage to Laputa may well have been no vision, for Laputa was also a seat of learning. But, in spite of astonishment and incredulity, one's bewildering conception of the place is only confirmed by Professor Poulton's new book, called "*Viriamu Jones and other Oxford Memories*" (Longmans). It is a rather confused and ill-written volume, put together with little proportion and no imaginative sense, but, perhaps all the more on that account, it gives a fairly accurate impression of the vanished Oxford of thirty or thirty-five years ago. The book's chief weakness was unavoidable. The writer is a distinguished zoologist, and the main subject of the memories was a distinguished physicist. We are shown Oxford, therefore, from the point of view of the "Stinks" man, whereas in those days the characteristic point of view was that of the "Greats" man, and the difference was wide. The "Stinks" man, pursuing natural science at a museum on a remote and melancholy plain called "The Parks," sometimes, or perhaps usually, worked in the afternoon, and was thus excluded from the most vital influences of University education, seldom playing at ball or learning to get his belly between his legs. On the other hand, he enjoyed certain liberties which the "Greats" man stoically denied himself, such as contact with the progress of science outside the city, and conversation with other "Stinks" men—a degree of intimacy to which no "Greats" man condescended, although one has known a mathematician affably addressed even by "Greats" scholars, if he was good at any sport. Mathematicians stood on neutral ground. They were sometimes patronised, just as an astronomer who calls the stars by their names may be patronised by a small

landlord; but, as a rule, they were lumped together with the men of science, and regarded with contemptuous pity as people who could not help wearing "comforters" and being "smugs," poor things! much as the aristocracy still regard the harmless, necessary middle classes.

Among men of science, as we said, Professor Poulton holds a distinguished place, and he tells us that, during his undergraduate time in Oxford, he devoted especial attention to "making sections of the salivary glands of a mad dog, observing a complex form of gland in the stomach of a little fish known as the Miller's Thumb, and the large distinct elements in the retina of the Pike." He also observed the large size of the circumvallate papillæ on the tongue of the ox, and he describes how bit by bit, through the study of the tongues and hair of the lower mammalia, he was led on until the vital question flashed across his mind: "Does the *young ornithorhynchus* possess true teeth?" He discovered it does, and from that moment, we suppose, his eminence was recognised by his peers. But to the "Greats" man, always just on the point of having the Divine Mystery revealed by the process of philosophic or inspired thought, the salivary glands of a mad dog, the stomachs of Miller's Thumbs, or the circumvallate papillæ of ox-tongues would have appeared a little irrelevant, a little minute compared to the glory of the universal soul. At the question whether the young ornithorhynchus possesses true teeth, he might have smiled, supposing only, in his ignorance, that the young baby does not, and knowing nothing of the Duck-billed Platypus, though, perhaps, he could sing of "Duck-billed Sue." Or what would a "Greats" man, fresh from the eternal models of style, have made of such a passage as this, which Professor Poulton quotes from the works of George Rolleston, one of his heroes as a scientific teacher? It is a description of the Bugle Coralline:—

"The Polyzoary is plant-like, erect, calcareous, dividing dichotomously, the internodes articulating by flexible chitinous bands. . . . The cells are arranged quincuncially round an imaginary stem, and divide the surface of the internodes which they make up into more or less regularly rhomboidal or hexagonal spaces."

When one man has to master information of this kind and another has to read Plato, when one man is occupied with a mad dog's saliva and another with the immensity of the soul, we perceive that a certain divergence is probable. Perhaps it is this divergence that makes Professor Poulton's book, in spite of its memories, a little unsatisfying to those who only know a mad dog's spittle as a thing to be avoided more carefully than a false quantity. And yet Professor Poulton was not imprisoned in bones and stones, but remained keenly alive to the human voices of the time. He was President of the Union when the old frescoed room still remembered an Asquith on his way to Premiership, a Milner guiltless of South Africa, and still sounded to a Horton, an E. T. Cook, and a Curzon, with lofty eye already fixed on Bengal. He knew the old city when there was Jowett going up and down, ironic in his worldliness, impenetrable in his childlike wisdom; and there was Green, wrestling with incomprehensible utterance, but more incomprehensible in his recognition of working people's existence; and, with the look of a French officer, Walter Pater would murmur a bland, enamelled sentence; and year by year Ruskin's voice raised its laughter and lamentation, so sweet, so poignant, that, when it ceased, the listening crowd sat spellbound in silence. And sometimes Bradlaugh came, and had his platform stormed because he did not believe in God; and sometimes Father Ignatius came, and was stoned because he believed in God too much; and, once, an arithmetical bishop was forbidden to preach because he tried to add up the dates in Genesis; and term by term Liddon sounded his silver trumpet from St. Mary's, and Holland caused the feet of the young to flit like wings. From outside were heard greater voices still. Carlyle was old, but still of power; Emerson was not so old; Matthew Arnold, child of that city which he called the "adorable dreamer, whose heart had been so romantic! who had so prodigally

given herself to sides and to heroes not his, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties!"—Matthew Arnold stood in his strength of incisive beauty. Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Rossetti, George Eliot, Meredith, Hardy, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall—what a host! and all were the property of the undergrads of Professor Poulton's time, as he in this volume recalls it. There is no wonder if, with the instruments of such an orchestra sounding through their city, the young of that time had their heads a little raised, forgot the common world, or issued into it with the bemused detachment of an audience issuing from a symphony concert into the noise and gas-lamps of a dirty street. "What do you think of us in Oxford, Dr. Jowett?" asked Blackie, of Edinburgh. "In Oxford we don't think of you at all," was the answer, impolite, but true; and it would have been true of nearly all the rest of the world.

What voices sound in the Oxford of to-day? We cannot speak from knowledge, but we suppose among them would be Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Yeats—great names—and among the leaders of them also would be Mr. Wells, who, in his last book, has spoken of our old Universities, and their effect upon youth. He speaks chiefly of Cambridge, but Oxford is included, and, describing his grand educational scheme for efficient Imperialists, he says:—

"We could in fact create a new Liberal education in this way and cut the umbilicus of the classical languages for good and all. I should have set this going, and trusted it to correct or kill the old public schools and the Oxford and Cambridge traditions altogether. . . . I have revisited Cambridge and Oxford time after time since I came down, and so far as the Empire goes, I want to get clear of those two places. . . . Always I renew my old feelings, a physical oppression, a sense of lowness and dampness almost exactly like the feeling of an underground room where paper moulders and leaves the wall, a feeling of ineradicable contagion in the Gothic buildings, in the narrow ditch-like rivers, in these roads and roads of stuffy villas. Those little villas have destroyed all the good of the old monastic system, and none of its evil."

Alas! what a different picture from that "adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic!" Has the old place, then, been a mistake as well as an astonishment from the first? Ought we long ago to have cut the umbilicus, not only of the classical languages, but of that sweet city for good and all? We do not question that she often produced an irritating and offensive kind of man—self-centred, superior, contemptuous of the actual men around him, and maddeningly given to lecture and put the others right. The Oxford man in the deserts of this world is about the most ludicrous and pitiable object on which the wind blows. But, after all—! One remembers how a number of ardent churchmen were denouncing the abominable wickedness of pluralists, and Keble said: "Well, I don't know; my father was a pluralist, and he wasn't a bad sort of man." Our mother was Oxford, Professor Poulton and his contemporaries might say, and she wasn't a bad sort of woman. In any case, it is a thankless task to dissect one's mother, even if she is dead.

DICKENS IN REAL LIFE.

THERE is a sentence in Mr. Chesterton's new volume of "Criticisms and Appreciations of the Works of Dickens" (published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons), which appears to us to show the great mark of genius—the faculty for seeing things as they are—in a very high degree. We have been moved to this reflection by the following passage, which is so entirely true and so really illuminating that we make no apology to the reader for quoting it in full:—

"If we begin again to behold the English people, it will be the final vindication of Dickens. It will be proved that he is hardly a caricaturist; that he is really something very like a realist. Those comic monstrosities which the critics found incredible will be found to be the immense majority of the citizens of this country. . . . For the exaggerated notion of the exaggeration of

Dickens (as was admirably pointed out by my old friend and enemy, Mr. Blatchford, in a "Clarion" review) is very largely due to our mixing only with one social class, whose conventions are very strict, and to whose conventions we are accustomed. In cabmen, in cobblers, in charwomen, individuality is often pushed to the verge of insanity. But as long as the Thackerayan platform of gentility stood firm, all this was, comparatively speaking, concealed. For the English, of all nations, have the most uniform upper class and the most varied democracy. . . . In England, while good form restrains and levels the universities and the army, the poor people are the most motley and amusing creatures in the world, full of humorous affections and prejudices and twists of irony. . . . *The democracy is really composed of Dickens's characters; for the simple reason that Dickens himself was one of the democracy.*"

This passage is really the last word of criticism on Dickens. He was the infinitely keen-eyed, alert, sensitive, sympathetic, responsive recorder of the life going on around him, the jolly robustious life of the old-fashioned people of England, still going on persistently, in spite of all depressing and alien influences, much as it had done in the days of Pepys. For Dickens is England. In this paper, with the reader's permission, we will hardly mention Dickens or any of his characters again—at least, not the characters which have got into his books, but rather speak of some of those we have met with outside. For they are all Dickens characters.

The case of the present writer cannot be singular, but it seems to him that all his life he has been holding desultory conversations with Dickens's characters. From parents and grand-parents he heard in earliest days stories of other generations of Dickens's characters, so that the people known and heard of mingle in his mind in a long Dickens procession, reaching to the very beginning of the nineteenth century. He will here put down at random some of these reminiscences, as one deals a well-shuffled pack of cards. The cards to be drawn from are innumerable. There was the showman, legendary in the family, who used to say, "Now, you boys and girls that haven't got any ha'pence stand aside, and let the little dears walk up." In the narrations this showman used the Sam Weller "v." "Here's Napoleon Buonaparte, my little dears," he would say, "or the Duke o' Vellington, whichever you like." There was, in our own memory, old Quiddy Williams, a perfectly bald-headed old woman, who sold bull's-eyes—probably called "Quiddy" from her habit of constantly chewing a quid of tobacco. There was the Watkins family, who boasted that every Saturday night their mother bought a pound of the best bees'-wax to put in their ears. There was Mrs. Coke, who, on any temporary escape of Coke from his domicile, would hurry into the street, holding an untied bonnet-string with one hand, and button-hole every passer-by with the inquiry, "Have ye seen Coke? Has anybody seen Coke? Oh! here's Bill Ockenden. Have ye seen Coke, Mr. Ockenden?" They sent her round to all the wrong public houses. There was a still earlier figure, a Mrs. Dyer, who in like manner paraded the streets during a time of some disturbance, saying, "Have the mob got Dyer?"—Dyer at the moment being probably comfortably drinking in the New Inn. There was Mrs. Coke's mother, who told fortunes and exercised the craft of the professional scribe. There were Mr. and Mrs. Dinwiddy, old campaigners, whom we looked on with great awe. Mrs. Dinwiddy said that the open sea was "the queerest place she'd ever been in in her life." On an aunt of the writer writing a letter for her to her man at the war, Mrs. Dinwiddy remarked "Raley, mum, it's pretty near as well as I could do it myself," and seized a pen and blotted the paper from top to bottom, saying, "it's makes it look more writingified." There was Bullen, the newly appointed police constable, who, accompanying a band of young sparks on their nightly revels, when one of them threw a stone through a window where they saw a lady brushing her hair, remarked, "Really if you gentlemen are going on like this, I'd better walk a little behind." The young sparks on this occasion thought the wisest thing to do was to offer a five pound note to the local lawyer. "You see, Harding's a man with a good deal o' power." The lawyer pocketed the money, and on assurances of future good behavior, solemnly gave it as

his opinion that this, to him hitherto unknown, event would not be heard of again. There was old Mrs. Breese, who at her tea-parties used to have loaf sugar on the tea-table and a pot of coarse brown between her knees, from which latter receptacle she popped a spoonful into the cups when nobody was looking. There was a very red-faced Bumble-like relieving officer who always read through the local paper, advertisements and all, twice every Sunday. There was a very foolish and loquacious retired sea-captain who used to say, "I likes a generous man—a man as'll treat himself to a pint o' beer." The sermons of the Vicar himself were not without a certain farcical element, highly denunciatory, for the most part, albeit he was the kindest of men. "Talk about 'em giving a tenth," he would say, on the sore point and frequent topic of the collections, "why, they won't even give a fifth."

When the elder Mr. Weller says, at the tea meeting, "The young 'ooman next me 'as 'ad eleven cups, and she's a swelling wisely before my very eyes," the fastidious reader exclaims, "absurd exaggeration—not even amusing." It may not be amusing (for our own part it amuses us extremely), but we entirely deny that it is exaggerated. People may confine themselves to two cups of tea or any other liquor; it is quite certain their neighbors will say they take eleven. "I was in the 'Anchor' for a few minutes the other night," said the writer's landlady, a year or two ago, "and whilst I was there Mrs. Lipscomb and her son Jim came in. If you'll believe me, before they left, Mrs. Lipscomb had nine whiskies, and Jim, being a strict teetotaler, had nine glasses o' port wine." In the matter of food and drink the English people have a large and spacious imaginativeness, and in nothing does Dickens more faithfully reflect them than in his delighted dwelling upon meals. They revel in stories of hospitality and conviviality. They are a perfect Dumas père in their love of largeness and profusion. In these popular narrations there is always something large, farcical, and extravagant. The woman mentioned above would describe her experiences as cook with a somewhat bibulous but very generous lady. "Many's the time," she would say, "I've had to throw bottles of very old port wine down the sink—burgundy too—that she'd sent out. I really could not drink them, and I knew the poor thing 'ud be that hurt if she knew I hadn't. 'Alice,' she'd say of an afternoon, 'go to Collis's and bring two dozen oysters on the deep shell, and I'll open two bottles o' stout and cut some brown bread and butter, and we'll have a snack.'" In the same place she herself always ate three pounds of mutton for dinner on a Saturday. The lady and gentleman never had the joint in again. "No vegetables," she would add finely, "a little jelly or chutney."

This respect for good cheer has been the unchanged characteristic of the English people from the days of Chaucer's Franklin, "within whose house it snowed meat and drink." Mr. Wardle only carried on the tradition. The miserly starveling is the one character the English people hold in derision. We remember a legend of a host who gave a fireless supper party on a freezing winter night, and handed round blankets to the assembled guests as a kind of wedding garment. "She belongs to the hermit tribe," we have heard a workman say about a somewhat penurious lady, and there could be no greater condemnation. Similarly, "there's none o' that meagre about 'im," in their mouths is the highest praise. The following story which we heard told with great gusto, the other day, is very typical of the old-fashioned Dickens England. A rough old farmer, used to very plain living, was admitted at the Inn as a great favor, to dine with a "gentleman from London." The gentleman was very airy and patronising. "I don't know what you do in the country," he said, "but we London people always reckon to have a bottle of sherry with our dinner." The farmer readily assented and they finished the bottle between them. "We London people," said the gentleman again, "always reckon to have a bottle of port with the dessert." The farmer was perfectly willing, and this bottle also was drunk. "We London people," said the gentleman, "aren't in the habit of stinting ourselves in our wine." A second bottle of

port was ordered and consumed. "What do you say to a little more wine?" said the gentleman. The farmer was now surprised, but still he assented. The gentleman from London got up to ring the bell, and fell in a heap on the floor. "Take that drunken feller away," said the farmer to the waiter, "and bring me some more wine."

With all that, there is in the true English people a Sir Thomas Browne-like love of solemnities and serious things. Mr. Mould, the human wood-pecker, tapping his hollow tree is as great a favorite as Mr. Wardle. "I always think a Confirmation is so solemn," said a young lady to the writer yesterday, "it was most unfortunate those two boys laughed, as it is so solemn. It's really next to a funeral, and I always think it's almost *quite* the same as a funeral."

Akin to this is that sense of retributive justice which they feel so strongly. With regard to any really notorious wrong-doer they are like spectators sitting at a medieval miracle play of the Last Judgment. When quite a child we remember hearing a woman say of some bad character who had died, "If there's anything in what we're told, we knows very well where he's gone to." The following example of the same thing—some readers will probably find it painful—occurred quite recently. A servant of a friend of the writer's had been away attending the death and burial of her father. The father had been an unmitigatedly bad lot—a black sheep of the deepest dye. "If you'll believe me, mum," the girl declared, "after father'd passed, the smell o' sulphur was something awful. It was hours before we could get it out o' the house." This is the reverse side of the intense hatred of the English populace for cruelty and oppression of any kind. This feeling which often takes mistaken forms, as assaulting sorely tried school-masters, is at bottom altogether sound and good. It is exactly reflected in the so-called "humanitarianism" of Dickens. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in one of whose novels, if we remember right, a clean white man, an earnest servant of the God of battles, gouges out a dirty native's eye, never could be popular in England as Dickens is.

In their general characteristics, the English people are still the people Dickens drew. Since his time there has been much drilling, lecturing, marshalling, ticketing, tabulating, scrubbing, and white-washing of the poor. An alien language has been thrust upon them from without, and they no longer speak the old racy speech his characters spoke. Nowadays, for instance, nobody says, "The whole box and dice of them," that most apt and expressive figure. A generation has grown up which has never seen a dice box. Perhaps it is as well. The most curious thing that has happened in England since Dickens's time is probably the recovery of an intellectual and imaginative apprehension of Catholicism. Numbers of English people, among them Mr. Chesterton himself, have looked through an open gate fast closed to their fathers, and caught glimpses of wonder and beauty Dickens never saw. But the vast mass of the people have been entirely unaffected by this, as Dickens was himself. They are still in the main as he knew them. They have the same love of pomp and profusion, the same sense of solemnity, the same feeling for justice, the same hatred of cruelty, the same dislike of meddlesome restrictions. They are probably the most humane people in the world. From the free soil of this "common people" of the old untrammelled England there sprang such flowers as "The Ancient Mariner," and "The Fighting Téméraire" and "The Old Curiosity Shop."

THE GREAT TRANSLATION.

It is a commonplace of modern days that space and time have been robbed of much of their influence by our great inventions. What is done in Japan affects Governments in Paris, London, and Washington. What is thought in one land wakes chords in another. But this is no new thing. Indeed, in some ways it is tempting to think England less open to foreign thought

in the nineteenth than in the sixteenth century. Tennyson is far more of the island than Spenser. For one of the wonders of the earlier century is the quick and keen transmission of ideas. As early as 1523 we find debate in a country house near Little Sodbury, in Gloucestershire, on the new ideas spreading from Germany upon religion. The tutor of the family, a young Gloucestershire man himself, educated first at Oxford and then at Cambridge, took up the cause of the new movement, and would argue with the guests of the house. "Communing and disputing with a certain learned man in whose company he happened to be, he drove him to that issue that the learned man said: 'We were better be without God's laws than the Pope's.' Master Tyndale, hearing that, answered him: 'I defy the Pope and all his laws'; and said 'if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou doest.'"

The promise is a famous one, and it was fulfilled within five years. For in 1525-6 Tyndale put the first New Testament through the Press in English—a translation made by himself from the third edition of Erasmus's Greek text—but at what cost! In exile and in danger he did his work, and he never saw his native land again. His book very soon, and himself at last, were burnt. But enough copies of his New Testament escaped the flames to be multiplied anew in authentic and other editions, till at last Tyndale revised it and re-issued it in 1534.

Tyndale's work drew a great storm of denunciation. What happened may be told in contemporary verse, which comes nearer a good deal to history than to poetry:—

Jeffray: By my troth, they set him (the Gospel) a-fire
Openly in London City.

Watkins: Who caused it so to be done?

Jeffray: In sooth the Bishop of London,
With the Cardinal's authority;
Which at Paul's Cross earnestly
Denounced it to be heresy

That the Gospel should come to the light:

Calling them heretics execrable
Which caused the Gospel venerable
To come into laymen's sight.

He declared there in his furiousness
That he found errors more or less

Above three thousand in the translation;
Howbeit, when all came to pass,
I daresay unable he was

Of one error to make probation.

Tyndale himself refers to the errors charged against him: "There is not so much as one *ε* therein, if it lack a tittle over his head, but they have noted it, and number it unto the ignorant people for an heresy." That errors would occur, he had foreseen. "Where they find faults let them show it me, if they be nigh, or write to me if they be far off; or write openly against it and improve it, and I promise them, if I shall perceive that their reasons conclude I will confess mine ignorance openly." He even goes further, and requests "that they put to their hand to amend it, remembering that so is their duty to do."

One of the main charges was that Tyndale used native English for the terms of Greek and Latin origin that had become technical. "He useth so rude and simple style," men said. "By this translation," writes one of his critics, "shall we lose all these Christian words, penance, charity, confession, grace, priest, church, which he alway calleth a congregation. . . . Ye shall not need to accuse this translation. It is accused and damned by the consent of the prelates and learned men, and commanded to be burnt, both here and beyond the sea, where is many hundred of them burnt." This charge Sir Thomas More took up, but Tyndale was ready with a reply—certain of these terms were "the great juggling words wherewith, as St. Peter prophesied, the clergy made merchandise of the people." But he admitted that *seniors* for *priests* could be bettered, and wrote *elders*. Sir Thomas returned to the attack: "This drowsy drudge hath drunken so deep in the devil's dregs, that, but if he wake and repent himself the sooner, he may hap ere aught long to fall into the

mashing-fat, and turn himself into draff as the hogs of hell shall feed upon and fill their bellies thereof."

It is pleasanter to turn to another story of the book's reception. John Pykas, of Colchester, on examination before Bishop Tunstal, on March 7th, 1528, confessed that "about a two years last past he bought in Colchester, of a Lombard of London, a New Testament in English, and paid for it four shillings, which New Testament he kept, and read it through many times." Condemned by the great ones, the book kept coming from the Continent to England, and it was hawked about quietly; it was bought and it was read. Four shillings meant a good deal of money in those days, but men thought the book worth the money and the risk of detection. They read it through many times, and fresh copies were in demand. What they learnt in it is written in English history. What a force is let loose when a man, from reading the New Testament, concludes as Tyndale does, that "Though every man's body and goods be under the king, do he right or wrong, yet is the authority of God's Word free and above the king; so the worst in the realm may tell the king, if he do him wrong, that he doth naught"! And so it came to pass in Scotland within a half-century, and in England a generation or two later. But Tyndale goes further, as a result of his studies. "If my neighbor need and I give him not, neither depart [divide] liberally with him of that which I have, then withhold I from him unrighteously that which is his own. . . . In those goods which are gotten most truly and justly are men much beguiled. For they suppose they do no man wrong in keeping them." It sounds rather modern in its tendency.

It is needless here to set out the various attempts made to revise and improve Tyndale's translation. It is generally agreed that, in the New Testament at least—for Tyndale did not complete the Old—Tyndale's rendering is the fabric on which all the revisers worked. He was a scholar, with a scholar's instinct for accuracy—"the man," wrote an envoy of Thomas Cromwell, "is of a greater knowledge than the King's Highness doth take him for, which well appeareth by his works." And he wrote the English in which men speak and think. Long before his day, a brilliant convert of the second century had remarked upon one striking characteristic of the Biblical writings—"I was convinced by them because their style was simple, and because there was an absence of artifice in the speakers." Bishop Gardiner, if the New Testament were to be in English at all, would have kept "for their genuine and native meaning, and for the majesty of the matter in them contained," such words as *Ecclesia*, *poenitentia*, *pontifex*, *idiota*, *impositio manuum*, *zizania*, *imitator*, *confiteor tibi Pater*. But Tyndale translated from the Greek and wrote English—not such English as men affected in Elizabethan and Caroline times, "for," says Thomas Fuller commingling blame and praise, "our English tongue was not improved to that expressiveness whereat at this day it is arrived," and he adds that "our last translators had in express charge from King James to consult the translation of Tyndale." And they did, and it may be said that in the great passages that haunt the memory, where in gospel and epistle the style is simplest, strongest, and most compelling, there exactly is the largest element of Tyndale's English.

What the Authorised Version has been during these three centuries to the English-speaking race is beyond all our computation. What has been its influence on our language? Selden said, shortly after its first appearance, that it was "rather translated into English words than into English phrases. The Hebraisms are kept, and the phrase of that language kept." But even these—many of them—have become so English that it is hard to think they were ever foreign. Tyndale's great mastery of English, plain and strong, secured that the later versions should not be cast in another style; and they again set a standard for English for all times. Neither Lyly, nor Thomas Browne, nor Samuel Johnson, with all their vast influence, could compete with the masterpiece in the plain style that simple people by thousands read into their very fibre. The fashions

passed; and Tyndale's English, with the modifications here and there of 1611, remains—English as nothing else is English.

Or, again, what has been the effect of the great translation in national and political life? We have seen what principles Tyndale drew from it, and we know how Knox found here the guidance a good man needed when his Queen and her courtiers and lords pointed him a way other than that which conscience required. There is no book that has done more for democracy—a man steeped in the New Testament may "honor the king," but he will not lose the king's dimensions. "And I sawe a great white throne and one that sate on it, from whose face fled away both the earth and heaven, and theyr place was no more found. And I sawe the dead, both great and smal, stande before God." So runs the Geneva version, made by the comrades of John Knox. Fifteen years later the Regent Morton by the grave of Knox summed up what it meant to have lived in full view of "that day"—"Here lies one who neither flattered nor feared any flesh." Kings and queens, lords and squires, get their true proportions so.

The Bible in English meant the Reformation, as the princes and bishops who burnt it were quick to see. It meant the religion of one who never spoke but to be "understood even of the very vulgar," whose word has been their great charter in this world as for the next. With the Bible in English and its constant use is bound up the language, the freedom, and the faith of England. Huxley, who, perhaps, thought less of the religion than of the other ends subserved, wrote thus of the book:—

"Consider the great historical fact that, for three centuries, this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain, and is as familiar to noble and simple, from John-o'-Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso once were to the Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of pure literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilisations and of a great past stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest civilisations of the world."

And all this is available for Englishmen in virtue of the faith and the scholarship of an obscure graduate of Cambridge.

Art.

THE EXTENSION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

AT the beginning of this week the Rooms recently added to the National Gallery were thrown open to the public. It is, of course, always an advantage in a picture gallery to have adequate space, and on that ground the new additions are very much to be welcomed. The pictures, which are no longer crowded, are seen to much greater advantage than they were before, and, so far as a rather cursory investigation on the day of the private view would allow, the hanging appeared to have been done with intelligence and taste. It may seem to be somewhat ungracious, therefore, to enter a protest, as I feel bound to do, upon the way in which these Galleries have been constructed. It is now about ten years since the Museum at Boston, foreseeing that, in a short time, it would be cramped for want of room, did what, so far as I am aware, no other museum has ever thought of doing, began by a careful consideration of what its needs would be, and of how those needs could best be met. I will not go here into the entirely new and original views that were put forward with regard to the exhibition of objects of art, but in the matter of picture galleries, the Commission of Museum Officials and Architects that was appointed, came to very definite conclusions. They examined almost every picture gallery in Europe, and they worked out scientifically the effect upon

the walls of different modes of roof illumination. So far as I know, their results have never been questioned, nor do I believe that they can be. And yet, since these were published, we have constructed one large museum, the Victoria and Albert, one great addition—the buildings at the British Museum; and two picture galleries—the addition to the Tate Gallery, and the present addition to the National Gallery; without those who were in charge availing themselves in any way whatever of the invaluable researches of the Boston Museum, the results of which were published for the benefit of the whole world. The new construction at the National Gallery exhibits all the old defects. It was pointed out by the Boston Commission that any height greatly exceeding fifteen feet was not suitable for a picture gallery—that picture galleries should be constructed so that the light is cut off in the centre of the roof, and admitted on either side at a certain position above the cornice. In this way the walls receive the fullest possible amount of light, whereas the centre of the room and the floor receive comparatively little. The exact angle which produces the best effect, in this way can be calculated for any particular size room with some certainty. But those responsible for the additions to our National Gallery seemed determined to ignore these niceties. It is true that, while the glass is as yet clean, the Main Gallery, devoted to the English School, is very light, but, even here, the walls are dark when compared with the centre of the room. This, no doubt, produced an admirable effect at the private view, where, as usual, the people form the chief attraction (to one another); but, when we consider the necessity that there is in London for using glass over pictures, it is obvious that a brilliantly lighted costume in the middle of the room will totally prevent one seeing even a tolerably illuminated picture on the wall. In the larger galleries the excessive height of the walls is not obviously incongruous, though, with lower walls, the same feeling of space could have been got without the wastefulness of having such great breadth. But when we come to the smaller rooms, the well-like nature of the structure, with its glaring light at the top, shows how very unfortunate the neglect of these considerations has been. And, since Sir Charles Holroyd has quite rightly refused to sky pictures (one may lay it down as a rule that any picture which has to be skyed had better not be in the National Gallery at all), there remains above the pictures a vast space of background. About the color of this background there is likely to be much dispute. My own feeling is that the colors chosen are not in themselves bad or inappropriate—the green especially seems to me to be a good green—but these immense, uncovered spaces of blank color do undoubtedly ruin the whole effect, and they are due to the essentially mistaken construction of the proportions of the rooms.

Before long, we shall have an opportunity of seeing what has been done in the new wing of the British Museum. Already it is rumored that certain Heads of Departments have refused to place the objects intrusted to their care in the situations provided for them, owing to serious and fundamental errors in construction. In this case, certainly, the architect was not to blame, since he endeavored to get all the data possible before planning his construction. It is scarcely credible that he was not put in a position to consult any of those Heads of Departments who were destined later on to use the building, and who could have afforded him all the necessary information.

It is surprising that we should go on in this haphazard way in the construction of buildings of the utmost public and national importance, and that, too, when there are ready to hand the data for properly calculated attainments of our ends. One can only suppose that the nation is too indifferent as to what happens to its Museums, and one can only hope that no other department of the public service is treated in a similar way.

An added interest, but a pathetic one, was afforded at the opening of the new rooms in the National Gallery by the temporary exhibition in the old Ferrarese Room of Lord Lansdowne's "Mill." It was

a surprise to see it again after several years, and to find, as I believe almost everyone did, that the picture had grown immensely in one's imagination. One had supposed it to be a work of more than double the size of this small canvas. Such memory changes have a real bearing upon the nature of a work of art; they show in this case how sublime and monumental an effect Rembrandt produces. One cannot believe that so small a surface could have created an illusion of such infinitudes of light and gloom. It is surely the most complete expression of the dramatic mood in landscape that has ever been achieved in Western art, and it is a picture which stimulates to an intenser reverie every time one sees it. There can be no doubt that the effect in nature of forms silhouetted against the glow of a sunset sky makes the strongest appeal to our feelings of wonder and mystery, but it has proved rarely possible to express this mood in painting by a representation of such scenes. They almost invariably degenerate into the scenic or sentimental. Rembrandt's "Mill" is the supreme exception. All that one has ever felt of exhilarated melancholy in face of the solemn movement from light to gloom, in face of its lingering splendor and its inevitable eclipse, returns to one before this canvas intensified and purified of all that is extraneous to the emotion.

So penetrating and so all-embracing has been Rembrandt's imagination of the scene, that one grasps, as it were, the very movement of the earth, its imperceptible and reluctant aversion for the light. Therefrom arises a conflict between the sharpest opposites of our visual experience, between lightness and darkness, which, in the intensity of the imaginative mood, become the protagonists in a great dramatic event. We plunge our eyes into aetherial pools of light, but we know, none the less, that the encroaching gloom is invincible, though checked, as it seems, for a moment, by the vast heroic figure of the Mill, stretching its arms upon the sky to answer the last signal of the retreating host.

Supremely beautiful as it is even in its present state, one can but surmise what its effect would be if it could be relieved of the disagreeable mess of yellow-tinted varnish with which it has at one time been smeared, presumably to give it an air of fictitious mellowness and venerability. There are suggestions of blue in the sky, oppositions of pearl-grey and yellow, which can only be guessed at in its present state. Whoever the fortunate owner of this should prove to be, one hopes he may have this necessary work of restitution piously performed.

It seems certain that this picture must go to America. The loss is deplorable and humiliating. It is, of course, also deplorable that any country should allow individual citizens to be able to give £100,000 for a picture—but that is not our affair. What concerns us is the fact that England is losing one by one all the great masterpieces that were acquired in the past two or three centuries; that now the number of pictures that really matter can be counted upon the fingers, and that, as yet, no steps have been taken by the Trustees of the National Gallery to secure them for the nation. Such rescue work as has been done, the splendid efforts which resulted in securing the Velasquez and the Holbein, have been done by a voluntary unofficial society, the National Art Collections Fund, and in one case in spite of the indifference of the Trustees.

When these great masterpieces have gone, the sums available for the purchase of pictures will be of comparatively little use. What remains to be got will probably weaken rather than strengthen the position of the National Gallery. That Lord Lansdowne should thus bring home to us our humiliating impotence in face of this situation, while he actually occupies the position of a Trustee of the National Gallery, and should have offered a subscription of £5,000 towards an end which should have been the object of his past exertions, adds a touch of bitter irony to the whole situation.

ROGER FRY.

Present-Day Problems.

ENGLISH FREE CHURCH PASTORS IN AMERICAN PULPITS.

To Englishmen long resident in the United States, and particularly to those who are back in England with sufficient frequency to keep in touch with present day social and political movements in England, it did not come as a surprise that Dr. Aked should be disappointed with his conditions of work in New York, or that he should admit his homesickness for the religious, social, and political movements of England. It is a doubtful venture for any English clergyman, and especially for a pastor of any of the English free churches, to accept a call to a church in a large city in this country. It is a doubly doubtful venture in the case of a man in middle life who has been active in social and political movements in England; for the traditions and environment of the free churches in the United States are quite unlike those of the free churches in England; and adjustment to these new and less favorable conditions is a difficult task for a pastor who has rendered any signal service to his denomination, and to the community in England in which his church is placed. I am ready to be reminded that pastors of free churches in England have come to this country and succeeded. The names of such men are honorably associated with Congregational and Unitarian churches in New York, in Brooklyn, in Chicago, and in suburbs of Boston, such as Brookline. But these men came in the 'seventies and 'eighties of the nineteenth century, and from many aspects a new United States has come into being since that time. The great social and industrial changes of the last thirty or forty years have not eased the conditions of ministerial work for American pastors of city churches, and these changes are certainly not favorable to success and usefulness for English pastors who respond to calls from the free churches in the larger cities of this country.

At bottom the difficulties that must confront an English pastor in a city church in the United States lie largely in the difference between the history and the traditions of the free churches in the two countries. In England the history of the older free churches—the Congregational, Baptist, and Unitarian—is in the main the story of the struggle first for tolerance and next for religious and civil freedom. With an established and socially dominant Episcopal Church for centuries alongside of them and overshadowing them, the struggle for tolerance and religious freedom was forced upon them. Free churchmen in England were compelled to go into politics. It was only by political action that toleration and religious freedom could be secured; and almost of necessity all through the eighteenth century free churchmen were of the Whig or Liberal Party, for relief from galling conditions could be secured only through the political party that was the least tied to the Established Church.

In colonial days some of the American churches had to struggle for religious freedom; but the history of the free churches in England has no parallel in the history of the free churches in the United States. At least one of the free churches—the Congregational—at some stages of its history in the New England States was nearly as dominant politically and quite as intolerant as the Established Church of England at that time. Over a large area of New England the Congregational Church is still as socially dominant as the Established Church in England. But the political dominance of any church in this country is of the past for a century or more; and no man or woman now living can recall the day when any church in the United States was in politics to fight the battle of religious freedom, or to rid itself of disabilities growing out of the existence of an Established Church.

Unlike the free churches in England, the free churches in the United States have no continuing traditions of political service or of influence in political life, making for better social and economic conditions for

people at large. In England, to go no farther back than the nineteenth century, the free churches early stamped their influence on municipal life, after the reform of the old corporations in 1835, and helped to the great and almost uniform success of municipal government. The free churches also had their influence on the large measure of success that attended the work of the school boards that were in working from 1870 to 1903. The influence of the free churches is also obvious in English Liberal journalism as it developed and prospered from 1832 to 1886. Neither the free churches nor the Episcopal church can point to any similar successes in the United States. It is not possible to trace the influence of this or that church in municipal government in the United States, or in the work of either the State Legislatures, or of Congress at Washington. Nor is it plain that the churches consistently strive to exert any such influence on political life as they have so long done in England.

Why there is no such striving on the part of the churches in the United States to influence political life—to make the ethical standards taught in the churches applicable to politics and business—seems to be due to the fact that American life is largely divided into water-tight compartments. Politics and business, which are so closely interwoven in this country, where most public utilities are in private hands, and where Congress by its legislation bestows on a man the statutory right to exact a dollar for an article that he could sell at a profit for sixty cents, are in one of these water-tight compartments. Family and social life occupy another; and a third compartment, perhaps even more completely water-tight than either of the others, is assigned to the churches. It is this confinement of the church to its own water-tight compartment that is apt to be disturbing to an English free church pastor of long and acknowledged public usefulness in his own country who has responded to a call to a large and fashionable city church in the United States.

Within his water-tight compartment conditions for the immigrant pastor are likely to be as pleasant as he or the friends he has left in England could possibly desire. Salaries at these churches are often twice as large as those of the most prosperous and successful of the free churches in London, Manchester, Leeds, or Bristol. Moreover, preaching and pastoral work is not nearly so heavy nor so continuous as that of a pastor of a large free church in an English city. One sermon on Sunday usually suffices at the fashionable free churches in American cities. The mid-week meeting is a small affair at the churches at which it survives. There are few working-class people associated with these churches; little pastoral work as it is understood in England is required; and in the summer these fashionable churches are closed for eight or nine weeks, making possible for the pastor a summer vacation nearly as long as that of the women of his congregation. Internally the fittings and conveniences of these churches are surprisingly luxurious to new-comers from England, familiar with the old parish churches and the houses of worship of the free churchmen. The pastor's study is in keeping with the furnishings and adornment of the interior of the church. As much money is expended on the salaries of organist and quartet as would pay the running expenses of a fairly prosperous free church in an English town; and in a word, money is usually the last thing that is lacking in these fashionable churches in the larger American cities.

If the pastor is content to be merely a preacher, and he is willing to adapt his preaching to his congregation, he may find all the room and all the ease he can possibly desire in his water-tight compartment. But should he have a message that he feels impelled to send far beyond his own congregation, and especially should he desire to identify himself actively with social and political movements—then the pastor from England is likely to find his compartment irksome in the extreme, and to long for the freer atmosphere of his ministerial work in England. Then, in all probability, he will feel disposed to say to himself, as Mr. Aked had the courage to say aloud to an interviewer: "I must candidly con-

less that my heart is in English movements. English movements and English religious papers appeal more to me than do American movements and American religious papers. English movements I understand, American movements I do not understand. In England I felt strong enough to dogmatize about this or that. I might be wrong; probably I often was; but at the same time I had convictions, and even if I was wrong I could give reasons for the faith that was in me and go ahead bravely and hopefully. Here I should hesitate to say I know what America should do in these or those circumstances, as I could and used to say what England ought to do."

An English pastor who comes to America at this time finds himself confronted at once with one condition in the political and social life of the country that is vastly different from the conditions that he has left at home. England in these days is gradually but surely working its way out from under the old feudalism. Democracy is asserting itself as successfully in national life as it long ago asserted and established itself in municipal life. The power of the governing classes is visibly receding. The social conscience has been awakened; and inroads are being made on the privileges of the few which have always constituted the burdens of the many. Nowhere in the Anglo-Saxon world is democracy achieving more in these days than in England; and nowhere is the outlook for democracy more hopeful. In this country also there has been an awakening of the social conscience. Privilege such as the new feudalism has drawn to itself since the Civil War of 1861-65 is now being assailed; but as yet the movement is in a direction contrary to that in England. There the old feudalism is visibly being pushed into the background and being shorn of its power. Here the new feudalism is assailed; but it is not possible to say that it is actually receding; and when the real struggle between democracy and the new feudalism begins, it will be found that the new feudalism in this country is enormously stronger than the old feudalism in England, and has even more allies intent on keeping it in possession of its privileges than the feudalism which for so many centuries has been interwoven in English social, economic, and political life.

The new feudalism in the short space of two generations, and especially in the last fifteen or twenty years, has become as strongly interwoven in the social, economic and political life of this country as the old feudalism was interwoven in English life until the last extension of the Parliamentary franchise in 1884. And it is here that an English free church pastor in an American city church may find himself in difficulties. In England there is little doubt where the free churches stand in the struggle between democracy and the old feudalism. They stand where the free churches have stood for at least two centuries—on the side of democracy and opposed to privileges which are burdensome to the common people, whether these privileges are those of an Established Church or of a feudal aristocracy. The privileges of the new feudalism—the tariff and the many and varied exactions of the public utilities, corporations and the trusts—are fully as burdensome as the privileges of the old feudalism in England. But in the struggle that is pending between democracy and the new feudalism, it is not possible, as it is in England, to see where the free churches in the American cities stand. There is a kinship in creed and some kinship in church organisation between the free churches in England and the free churches in the United States. It is not easy to discover much kinship in social and political ideals. The new feudalism is as strong in the free churches of this country, especially in the fashionable churches in the larger cities, as the old feudalism is in the Established Church in England; and in some of these churches an English pastor who brings with him the social and political ideals of his church would be as much out of place as he would be were he to accept a chaplaincy in the household of a duke, and feel it incumbent on him to include each Sunday a prayer for "the distinguished nobleman to whom I owe my scarf."

EDWARD PORRITT.

Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A.

Letters to the Editor.

SIR EDWARD GREY'S SPEECH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Sir Edward Grey's important speech in Monday's debate was first and foremost an appeal to public opinion. I notice that the phrase itself occurs five times on one page of Hansard. It is to be hoped that public opinion will respond to the appeal, that the press will back up the Foreign Secretary's courageous declarations, and that members and candidates will follow in their speeches the lines he has laid down.

There are three points in the speech, anyone of which would have made it notable. These are (1) the response to President Taft's suggestion as to an arbitration treaty, (2) the friendly reference to Anglo-German relations, and (3) the general review of our foreign relations. This last has been a thing unknown in the House of Commons for a long time. But the mere fact of a frank and open discussion of the European situation does something to promote the cause of peace. Secrecy and mystery are the enemies of peace, and we should recognise them as such.

It is melancholy to contrast with Sir Edward Grey's utterance on Germany the tone habitually adopted by the "Times," which is constantly taken abroad to represent the views of the foreign office. I cull a few phrases from its comments only last week on the Bagdad Railway question. "The cynicism underlying the *Realpolitik* upon which German statesmen pride themselves has seldom revealed itself so nakedly as in the latest announcement made by the German Foreign Office." Then follows a long argument charging Germany with inconsistency. It is difficult, we are told, to find our way through such a "labyrinth of diplomatic contradictions and fictions." Our position is "more simple and straightforward." "We do not believe that, in spite of a good deal of tall talk, Germany . . . can in the long run afford to ignore" our interests and rights. A day or two later, a peculiarly friendly and conciliatory statement is made officially in Berlin. The "Times" March 11th quotes it, adds one sentence to the effect that it is "in complete and welcome contrast with all previous semi-official statements" and then proceeds to devote all the rest of its comment—four sentences—to describing with considerable bitterness the previous attitude with which the new declaration is in contrast! Could there be a more flagrant breach of the most obvious rules of diplomacy and commonsense? It is "nagging" of this sort which makes the task of a pacific statesman like Sir Edward Grey so difficult.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

7, Kennington Terrace, S.E.,
March 15th.

EXAMINATION FOR PUBLIC OFFICES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article "Examination for Public Offices" in a recent issue merits the gratitude of all but a small minority of the nation. It states very fairly the defects of what must be considered as the two rival methods of appointment in the public service, namely, patronage and competitive examination. It seems beyond question that whatever defects (and there are some) arise out of the examination system of appointment the danger of the patronage system is far greater and far more serious.

It is impossible to withstand the conclusion that of late years there has been a steady and fairly successful attempt to stem the advancing tide of the middle class in their endeavors to obtain the higher appointments in the public service. And here let me at once make clear that in using the terms "classes" and "middle class" I am using them merely as indicating "the few" and "the many" respectively, without any political bias.

As a headmaster of an endowed secondary school I am certain that the result of such a policy will be as disastrous as it is unfair, and I speak as one who has never consented to form special classes for the Civil Service or any other examinations, and my opinion, therefore, is not open to the criticisms mentioned at the commencement of your article.

That a strong and determined attempt is being made to oust the middle class is sufficiently proved by the following which, however, are only a few instances chosen at random:—

(1) Appointments to the Engineer Department of the Navy have for all intents been absolutely closed except to the "classes."

(2) The staff of the newly-created Labor Exchanges has been filled entirely by patronage. It is an ominous sign that so important a department as the Labor Exchanges should have been staffed by means of influence.

(3) The regulations of the Board of Education have gradually been interposing obstacles—now quite formidable—to prevent those who start training for a teacher in an elementary school, from taking a University course. By this means the possibility of the transfer from the elementary teaching grade to the secondary is practically prevented.

Unfortunately, this elimination of the middle-class element is being brought about by indirect—though none the less effective—measures among which may be mentioned:—

(1) The syllabus of the examinations has been altered so that subjects on the classical side have greater influence on success than those on the modern side. Roughly speaking, this division marks the relative proficiency of the upper and middle classes. Moreover, a viva-voce part has been added, giving further facilities in the same direction.

(2) The effect of the alteration of the regulations for admission to the Navy has already been mentioned.

(3) The headmasterships of the secondary schools are being reserved for graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, and this is done on the advice of his Majesty's Inspectors, though the Board of Education's schemes say that graduates of all British Universities are eligible.

It is certain that the authorities responsible for the above changes are acting in a perfectly *bond-fide* manner in what they consider to be the best interests of the services, though one would wish for a frontal rather than a flank attack.

It is obvious, nevertheless, that their views are too narrow and therefore incorrect, and it is high time that some effective protest was made against this insidious and retrograde movement.

I am led to make this protest by reason of the hardship to the large number of would-be candidates of good mental calibre. Even more important is the incalculable injury which will be done to higher education generally.

Other countries endeavor by all means in their power to foster the feeling that the highest possible education obtainable is a very valuable asset. Enthusiastic educationalists have been trying to bring about a more favorable public opinion in regard to education in England. The effect of their efforts is beginning to be apparent, but what will be the result if the governing classes say, in effect, that all this higher education, ever so honestly and thoroughly attained, is of little or no practical importance.—Yours, &c.,

·9.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article in a recent issue calling attention to the importance of maintaining the competitive system of recruiting the Government service is indeed timely. The matter becomes most urgent in view of the social legislation to which we are committed. The pursuance of social reform, and the no-poverty crusade imply large developments of the functions of government, especially in concerns intimately affecting the individual man, woman, and child. The political problem that these extensions will raise, namely, that of the relations between the citizens and the administrative departments, will be of the gravest character. But what is the hope of preserving proper control over the administrative through the political organism, if politicians are in that relation to the Civil Service which patronage inevitably sets up? We dare not allow the unhealthy clique-management of foreign affairs to be reproduced in the work of social regeneration. Personal independence of the political and permanent services is essen-

tial if the coming changes are to be negotiated without disaster.

These considerations give sinister significance to the case of the Labor Exchanges. It is beside the point for Mr. Buxton to tell us that he has obtained a very efficient staff by means of the patronage system; he would be foolish to admit the contrary. The question is whether an efficient staff could not have been obtained without recourse to so dangerous an expedient.

It is time to inquire why the existing exemptions from open competition are maintained. They have never been justified. We may infer from Lord Morley's account that Mr. Gladstone saw no reason for them. And their existence is a standing temptation to heads of departments, and a menace to the healthy conditions in the Civil Service. The system of open examination has immensely increased the efficiency of the service, and any strength that there may be in the movement to restrict its operation must be suspected to be derived from interested and anti-democratic motives. It only needs a better administration of the Civil Service Commission (especially in the matter of common-sense assignment of successful examinees) to meet the criticisms that are legitimately raised.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN CLARENCE.

1, Nuthurst Villas, Benwell Road,
Camberwell, S.E.

CANADA AND RECIPROCITY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR.—The statement in your issue of February 4th, as to the admission of printing paper from Newfoundland into the United States under the proposed Reciprocity Agreement has, no doubt, been subjected to correction. However, it illustrates the far-reaching consequences of the agreement. The admission of fish from the Dominion into the United States free of duty will, no doubt, revive the agitation for the incorporation of Newfoundland into the Confederation, and make it a highly probable event. Some years ago negotiations to establish reciprocal trade relations between Newfoundland and the United States were frustrated largely owing to the opposition of the Canadian Government.

At this writing it is not known what action will be taken on the agreement by the United States Senate. In any event it will be adopted at the special Session to be called later. I may say that its consummation will, in these Western Provinces, meet with practically universal approval. The opposition to it is partly political and partly arises from the fears of the protected manufacturers, who look with apprehension at the growth of free trade sentiment in these great agricultural regions. But the farmers have no fears. They naturally welcome the prospect of increased markets to the South and of lowered duties. They would welcome also an increase of the British Preference, a measure which it seems almost inevitable that the present Government should introduce. Such a measure would afford great consolation to the depressed Imperialists, as well as relief to the ultimate consumer.—Yours, &c.,

CANADENSIS.

Winnipeg.

THE JEWS IN MODERN LIFE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I venture to ask you to give a more liberal consideration to the right of Jews. As an old-fashioned Radical, I was brought up in the tradition of doing justice to another man's religion. But it is only his irrationality that the moderns seem disposed to respect. In a note in your last issue, you severely blame the late Lord Swaythling because (as he said the thing) he left money to such Jews as should remain Jews and not become apostates. It is, I think, the first time you have ever blamed Lord Swaythling, as it is the first time that I have ever very specially admired him. Why on earth should not a man love a cause, and leave money to a cause, and leave it on condition of the maintenance of the cause? You say he is controlling the spiritual liberty of his relatives; but how could he? His relatives retain complete spiritual liberty: the spiritual liberty to

refuse the money. And if (as you say), the unorthodox Jews are "the best minds and lives" in the society, how can there be an instant's doubt about their decision?

In the note just above the one of which I complain, you remark on the reception given to a gentleman at the Free Church Congress. He was "a modified Ritschlian with a qualified rejection of Pragmatism." What a horrible sight! In the name of all humor and proportion, I do ask you to pause and compare this professional trifling, which you take seriously, with the ancient and tenacious religion which you treat as a trifle. Do you suppose that the House of Israel, any more than the Church of Christ, has contrived to cross centuries and outlast Empires merely by "modifying" and "qualifying" things no common man has ever heard of? No; by the very things that you denounce; by the oath of iron and the bond of blood; by the dedication of youths and the certainties of dying men, have the old things managed to endure, Israel or Islam or Rome. This, however, is another matter: it is enough for this occasion if I confess that a Jew, noble or vile, seems to me a much finer and more interesting thing to look at than a modified Ritschlian qualifying his rejection of Pragmatism.

But the central and singular point is this. Many Englishmen, and I am one of them, do seriously think that the international and largely secret power of the great Jewish houses is a problem and a peril. To all this, however, you are indifferent. You allow Jews to be monopolists and wire-pullers, war-makers and strife-breakers, buyers of national honors and sellers of national honor. The one thing, apparently, that you won't allow Jews to be is Jews. You don't mind their managing our affairs; it is when they venture to manage their own affairs that you interfere with them. You would think me a horrible "anti-Semite" if I denounced the Jew who really works underground, who commands the sweat of Whitechapel and the blood of Spion Kop, who is a traitor in France and a tyrant in England; but you passionately protest against the Jew who leaves some of his own money to his own family in accordance with his own religion. The wealthy Semite sits in the inmost chamber of the State; he controls it by a million filaments of politics and finance. But the only pebble you throw at the poor old man, you throw at his one most honorable moment, when his schemes are over and his riches vain, and with a gesture, momentarily sublime, he bears witness to the God of his fathers. This does not strike me as respecting a religion—or even as tolerating it.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Beaconsfield.

[Mr. Chesterton is true to his faith, as we to ours. He believes in penning a man in the spiritual paddock into which he was born; we believe in enlarging the bounds of the paddock. Mr. Chesterton praises a Jew only when he does an illiberal act. The late Lord Swaythling did not, as he says, merely leave money on condition that the recipients remained Jews and did not become apostates. He practically disinherited two of his children unless they consented to take precisely the same view of Judaism as he took. This is the act which we criticised, and Mr. Chesterton approves. As for our reference to Dr. Garvie's paper, a man must have some relationship with the thinkers of his time. Even Mr. Chesterton has such a relationship. Might he not be described as an unqualified Bellocian?—ED. NATION.]

"THE OVERDUE REFORMS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your current issue you suggest a "provisional arrangement of financial relations" with Ireland, after the passing of Home Rule, under which, for a "stated period," the Irish Parliament would control Irish expenditure, while "the raising of revenue in general would remain in the hands of the House of Commons."

If you are seriously in favor of this novel proposal, you will, no doubt, present the case for it in more detail in the near future. Consequently, I abstain for the present from entering into the objections to it, which seem to me to be overwhelming. I desire, however, to make an immediate

protest against your easy assumption that "Irish opinion would acquiesce" in such a plan. If you will consider the matter attentively from the Irish point of view, you will, I think, feel the deepest misgivings as to the wisdom of permitting even a temporary division of financial responsibilities. The unbusinesslike character of the arrangement, its inconsistency with any early re-adjustment of Irish taxation, and the unfavorable effect it appears calculated to produce upon the standing and dignity of the infant Parliament are *prima facie* arguments against it, likely to carry more weight than regard for some future scheme of all-round Devolution.—Yours, &c.,

March 14th.

FRANK MACDERMOT.

NONCONFORMITY AND DR. JOWETT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I, with due deference, and with no desire of striking an ungracious note, demur to your designation of Dr. Jowett as the "greatest intellectual ornament" of Nonconformity. Dr. Jowett is undoubtedly a very eminent preacher, whose eloquence has won for him the very widest recognition; but when we speak of the intellectual ornaments of the Free Churches, we naturally think of men like Dr. Fairbairn, Prof. George Adam Smith, Dr. Moulton, Dr. Peake, or Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, to name at random a few out of many.

By all means let us honor Dr. Jowett for what he is—a great pulpit force; there is no need to claim for him what he certainly would not dream of claiming for himself.—Yours, &c.,

CONGREGATIONALIST.

March 15th, 1911.

[We did not say that Dr. Jowett was the "greatest intellectual ornament" of Nonconformity, but of the Free Church Council. We were thinking of recent meetings of the Council and of the part which Dr. Jowett seemed to us to play at them.—ED., NATION.]

LIBERALISM IN MIDDLE-CLASS CONSTITUENCIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—What is the Liberal Party going to do with Clapham, Fulham, and many other constituencies similar in character? Here we have divisions returning Conservative members time after time, and we are doing practically nothing to win them for Liberalism.

Many years ago Clapham returned Mr. Fletcher Moulton, but since then Liberalism has had no chance there (I am not blaming Mr. Fletcher Moulton for this). In 1906 Fulham rejected Mr. Hayes Fisher in favor of Mr. Timothy Davies, but this is the only time in about 25 years that it has ever been represented by a Liberal.

There are other constituencies with similar histories, and for some reason or other the attack on these places is very weak.

In December last Sir John Benn contested Clapham in the Liberal interest. If there is one man qualified to represent a London constituency it is Sir John. But he did not come before the electors as the candidate till two or three weeks before the election. It was unreasonable to expect to win such a stronghold in so short a time. And it was unfair to ask him to step into the breach at such short notice.

A similar state of affairs existed in Fulham, where Mr. Sylvain Mayer put up a great fight. He is probably one of the most strenuous fighters Fulham has seen, but he could make little headway in the three weeks at his disposal.

These constituencies can be won for Liberalism, but only by hard work and good organisation. Let candidates be appointed now, who will be willing to spend four or five years of hard work in the locality. Let them make themselves known by attending local functions, holding open air and indoor meetings, &c. It means a sacrifice of time, but if a constituency is worth winning it is worth working for. It is only by sheer hard work that we can expect to make any effective and lasting impression.

Think of the workers in these constituencies. They know they have little support. They know they will be asked to work for a perfect stranger, and that he will only have a few weeks for his campaign. Is it any wonder that local organisation becomes slack, and that workers become

disheartened? It is the surest way to alienate the thousands of Liberal workers and voters in these places.

These well-to-do constituencies are not entirely hopeless. There seems to be an idea abroad that Liberalism has a message only for the working classes. Personally I resent any such suggestion. Liberalism has a message for all classes. It steers a course between reactionary Conservatism on the one hand and revolutionary Socialism on the other, and appeals to the common-sense practical man of every grade of society.

Let us therefore begin to prepare now for the next election. It may not take place for three or four years, but that is no reason for delaying organisation till the eleventh hour.—Yours, &c.,

P. J. NASH.

108, Lansdowne Road, Clapham, S.W.

THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Kent is the Garden of England, and the beauty of a corner of this garden is threatened with destruction. There are already three existing collieries: Tilmanstone, Snowdown and Guildford; and three others are being started between Dover and Sandwich, and other parts of Kent (as well as of Surrey), are threatened. The Act for a Light Railway from Dover to Sandwich, connecting up these various collieries, has been passed, and its construction has already commenced, so that in a short time this beautiful neighborhood will equal in hideousness the blackest portion of the Black Country.

Vigorous efforts should be made at once to minimise, if it cannot prevent, the spoliation of this part of Kent. Much can be done in this direction by judicious planting of trees, shrubs, etc., to hide the machinery and buildings, and to cover the heaps of greenery, as is done in some parts of the Midlands.

The beauty of England is one of our greatest national assets; and I suggest that a "Beauty of Kent and Surrey Preservation Society" should be formed forthwith.—Yours, &c.,

J. FLETCHER LITTLE.

London, W.

THE MARCH TO DESTRUCTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If Sir Edward Grey's statement be true, that the nations are marching on to ruin and revolution as a consequence of this piling-up of expenditure, what is it but cowardice for his Government to continue setting so pernicious an example?

Hundreds of Liberals are getting very weary of pacific Ministerial speeches continually contradicted by Ministerial acts.—Yours, &c.,

J. MARSHALL STURGE.

Charlbury, Oxfordshire,

March 14th, 1911.

A Travers les Ages.

A GROUP OF TRANSLATIONS.

I.

THE PREACHER.

"The evil hour will come when thou shalt say

I have no pleasure underneath the sun,
The curtains of the clouds together run
After the rains; the sun and moon decay
In darkness and corruption, and thy day
Shall be even as a story that is done;
The strong men shall be in derision,
The keepers of the house be fallen away.

They that look from the windows shall be blind,
And the rich bowl of gold as nothing worth,
The earthen pitcher broken into earth,
The silver cord be loosed. Desire shall pass
Away, and the loose spirit to the wind:
Then shall the dust return to whence it was."

M. JOURDAIN.

II.

A SONNET OF BION.

(Stob. Flor. lxiii. 26.)

MESEEMED great Venus did her Cupid bring,
 Holding his childish hand, beside my bed;
 Then bade me, while he hung a drowsy head,
 "Sweet Shepherd, teach my Cupid how to sing."
 She parted. I, poor fool, imagining
 Cupid would learn, my shepherd lays outspread:
 How piping Pan, how Pallas fluting sped,
 And Hermes and Apollo tuned the string.
 These tales I taught him: he would pay no heed;
 But sang to me such wondrous lovers' lays
 Of hearts that yearn, and for each other bleed—
 Mortal, immortal—and his Mother's ways,
 That I forgot all I had taught before
 To Love, and schooled myself in Love's own lore.

WALTER LAMB.

III.

FROM THE CHINESE OF PO CHÜ-I.

(A.D. 772-846.)

THE FEAST.

In crowds along the street, with pomp and pride
 Upon their richly-harnessed steeds they ride,
 The Mandarins in bright official dress,
 The Generals clad in purple. Numberless
 Their hurrying horses gallop to the feast,
 Bright as a cloud at sunrise in the East.
 The very dust upon the road doth shine
 With gleams from gold and crimson trappings fine.
 Now at the banquet they are gathered, where
 From furthest seas and lands are dainties rare—
 Fruit from the Ting T'ung orange trees, and fish
 From Heaven's Lake, in many a splendid dish.
 Jolly at heart, with faces flushed and red,
 They feast upon the fare before them spread.
 With priceless wines their golden cups o'erflow,
 And as they drink, their mirth and laughter grow.
 This year, not far to the East, there fell no rain.
 Men eat each other in the South domain.

L. PEARSALL SMITH.

IV.

A COMPLAINT TO YOUTH.

[From the Welsh of Dafydd ab Gwilym, circa 1400.]

Ah, villain youth, that spake me fair,
 Vowing that he would never flee—
 A catiff prank he played me there,
 To make such piteous fool of me.
 Him girt with roses did I see,
 Standing to lure me ever on.
 In joy I wore his livery;
 I turned to look—and he was gone.

No weakling was I, but of strength
 Compact, a fine, mad wight to see.
 With flying feet I clomb the length
 Of many a hill, all uselessly.
 I chased the ball with heedless glee,
 And followed every pleasantness.
 My feet were foam-flecks of the sea,
 My goal was any wantonness.

My wondrous youth is now all sped,
 Brave show it made awhile with me;
 My brain is gone, my wither'd head
 A laughing-stock for Love to see.
 And song is cast forth utterly
 From out the lips that made it sweet.
 With dolorous sighs my weird I dree,
 Pray God that He have mercy on it.

Where is my kindly counsellor,
 Ifor, and Nest, that was his spouse?
 And Morfudd, whom I loved of yore?
 Four wooden walls are now their house.

No more for me the long carouse;
 No song I sing, nor essay make;
 No prattling bird my lyre can rouse,
 No woods are tuneful for my sake.

The maid I loved may kiss me not.
 Her voice that was so musical
 Is dumb this many a year, God wot;
 My joy is turned to bitterest gall.
 Sickness for ever is my lot,
 But for the love of no fair maid.
 Full little gain of Love I got,
 In that he filched my goodlihead.

W. J. GRUFFYDD.

V.

MISERERE MEI.

(A RHINELAND VOLKSLIED, MAINZ, 1605.)

There stands a poor sinner
 Hard by the door,
 Who has broken the Ten
 Commandments and more.

"Ah! sinner, ah! sinner,
 What is thy woe?
 When I look on thee
 Why weepest thou so?"

"My Lord and my God,
 How should I not weep?
 I have broke the Commandments
 Thou gav'st me to keep."

"Hast thou broke the Commandments?
 Then fall on thy knees,
 And pray unto God
 To give thy soul ease.

"Hold up thy hands
 And beat on thy breast,
 And God will give thee
 The heavenly rest ;

"For these thy tears
 Will give thee a crown
 In the mirth and joy
 Of the heavenly town."

R. L. G.

VI.

DON JUAN IN HELL.

[The original of this poem seemed to Théophile Gautier to be Baudelaire's finest achievement.]

THE night Don Juan came to pay his fees
 To Charon, by the caverned water's shore,
 A beggar, proud-eyed as Antisthenes,
 Stretched out his knotted fingers on the oar.

Mournful, with drooping breasts and robes unsewn,
 The shapes of women swayed in ebon skies,
 Trailing behind him with a restless moan
 Like cattle herded for a sacrifice.

Here, grinning for his wage, stood Sganarelle,
 And here Don Luis pointed, old and dim,
 To show the dead who lined the hills of hell
 This was that impious son who mocked at him.

The hollow-eyed, the chaste Elvira came,
 Trembling and veiled, to view her traitor spouse:
 Was it one last bright smile she thought to claim,
 Such as made sweet the morning of his vows?

A great stone man rose like a tower on board,
 Stood at the helm and cleft the flood profound:
 But the calm hero, leaning on his sword,
 Would not bestow a single glance around.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "William Pitt and the National Revival." By J. Holland Rose. (Bell. 16s. net.)
 "The Golden Bough." Part I. "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings." Third Edition. By J. G. Frazer. (Macmillan. 2 Vols. 20s. net.)
 "Notes on the Life of an Ordinary Mortal." By A. G. C. Liddell. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Revolutionary Ireland and Its Settlement." By the Rev. R. H. Murray. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
 "Half a Century in China: Recollections and Observations." By the Ven. A. E. Moule. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Roman Stoicism." By E. V. Arnold. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Mediæval Mind." By H. O. Taylor. (Macmillan. 2 Vols. 21s. net.)
 "The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring." (Lane. 5s. net.)
 "Tales of the Uneasy." By Violet Hunt. (Heinemann. 6s.)
 "La Société Française du xvi^e au xix^e Siècle." Par Victor du Bled. Huitième Série: xviii^e et xix^e Siècles. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)
 "Autour de l'Histoire." Par J. Charles Roux. (Paris: Lemerre. 3fr. 50.)
 "Bersot et ses Amis." Par Félix Hémon. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)
 "Cinq Minutes d'Arrêt." Roman. Par Jeanne Schultz. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

EACH fresh section of "Everyman's Library" adds something of value to the world of books, and the latest instalment includes a couple of volumes of special interest. Foremost among them is the "Old Yellow Book," the volume which Browning bought off a stall at Florence in June, 1860, and on which he founded "The Ring and the Book." The "Old Yellow Book" was bequeathed by Browning to Balliol College, Oxford, and was published in photo-facsimile, together with a translation by Professor Hodel, by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Mr. Ernest Rhys deserves our thanks for making Professor Hodel's translation accessible in "Everyman's Library." The volume consists of a series of pamphlets which contain the record of the court procedure during the trial of Guido Franceschini for the murder of his wife, Pompilia, and her parents. There are the pleadings of the lawyers on both sides, and also some details of a later suit, when Pompilia's innocence of the charge against her and Caponsacchi was established. We are thus presented, in handy form, with the documents that inspired Browning to write what Professor Hodel calls, "the most profound utterance he was to give to the world in all that concerns the human heart and its motives as they play the drama of the world before the eyes of the Almighty."

We wonder whether the inclusion of "Charles Auchester" in "Everyman's Library" will give that strange novel a vogue among modern lovers of music. Its author, Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, was a young girl of sixteen when she began to write it. On the advice of a friend she sent the manuscript to Disraeli who replied in an enthusiastic letter, saying that "no greater work will ever be written upon music, and one day it will be recognised as the imaginative classic of that divine art." Disraeli introduced the author to his publishers, and the book was issued in 1853, by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. It won attention among musical people, partly because several famous musicians, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Jenny Lind, Garcia, Madame Malibran, John Hullah, Sterndale Bennett, and others were at once identified among the characters. Miss Jessie Middleton, who contributes an introduction to the new edition, thinks "it possesses originality and charm, and contains some of the finest and most wonderful descriptions of music that have ever been written." But she admits that its tone is theatrical and extravagant, two defects which Disraeli was not likely to regard as serious blemishes.

AMONG the other books now added to "Everyman's Library" we may mention Anson's "A Voyage round the World," Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," Herbert Spencer's "Essays on Education," Gibbon's "Memoirs of my Life and Writings," and a selection from the plays of Beaumont

and Fletcher. Anson's "Voyage" is a particularly welcome addition. It contains an introduction by Mr. John Masefield, who has an unrivalled knowledge of all that has to do with the lives of our old navigators, and as a book of adventure it would be hard to beat. Gibbon's autobiography is presented to the reader with a rather perfunctory introduction by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton. Both on the cover and the title-page the book is called "The Autobiography of Edward Gibbon," although Lord Sheffield, its first editor, probably following Gibbon's manuscript, entitles it "Memoirs of My Life and Writings." This may appear a small point, but why divert needlessly from accuracy? Again, the reader is nowhere warned of the changes made by Lord Sheffield in Gibbon's text, and which still stand. These were first made public in Gibbon's "Autobiographies," edited by Mr. John Murray. They have been all carefully noted by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his edition of "The Memoirs of the Life of Edward Gibbon, with Various Observations and Excursions by Himself." This latter is much the best edition of one of the most entertaining of English autobiographies.

A PROMISING series of shilling volumes is about to be issued by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, under the title of "The Home University Library." The general editors of the series are Mr. Herbert Fisher, Professor Gilbert Murray, and Professor J. A. Thomson, and many of the leading British scholars have promised volumes on history, literature, science, philosophy, and other departments of knowledge. The first ten books in the series will be published early next month.

MISS ROSALIND TRAVERS'S "Letters from Finland," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Kegan Paul, contain a great deal of valuable information about a country that is likely to engage attention in the future. The letters were written to several different correspondents, and touch upon the social, educational, artistic, and political aspects of Finnish life. Miss Travers is a poet of distinction, and her renderings of Finnish poetry into English verse make an interesting feature of the book.

ON Monday last, M. Anatole France pronounced an address of eulogy on Tolstoy, marked by the grace of phrasing and grave eloquence which M. France always displays on these ceremonial occasions. We quote a passage for the benefit of our readers.

"O dogmes morts! O pensée vivante! Voyez-le tel que l'a représenté la main d'un ami. Voyez ce vaste front, ce visage travaillé de joies et de douleurs. Ce n'est pas une bible, c'est un homme. Ses troubles, ses erreurs s'expliquent, se rectifient dans le cours d'une vaste pensée, et dans la ligne d'une haute existence. Non, cet artiste puissant, ce poète ne condamne pas l'art et la science.

"Tolstoï, plus haut que ton évangile, plus haut que ton discours, dans la plaine de neige, lors de ta transfiguration, plus haut que tes béatitudes et que tes paraboles, parlent ton génie épique et ta vie généreuse, et ton cœur vaste et divers. Non, tu n'es pas une incarnation de je ne sais quel Dieu triste. Tu es le Goethe de la Russie, tu es le fleuve sacré où boivent les peuples. Qu'ai-je parlé de tes erreurs? Tu ne nous as jamais trompés, tu as toujours dit la vérité, puisque tu as exprimé la beauté et que la beauté est la seule vérité que l'homme puisse atteindre, la seule qui soit en rapport exact avec son intelligence et ses sens."

NOTWITHSTANDING the reaction against romanticism which marks contemporary French literature, the celebration of Boileau's death, on Monday last, attracted little notice. Yet Boileau's name has given rise to the most bitter controversies. Brunetière says that, while there are greater names in the history of French literature, there is none that is better known, or, in certain respects, of greater importance. He came at the precise moment when the world was ready to accept his principles, and the qualities of clearness, precision, and graceful simplicity on which he laid stress, were the ideals of every French writer, until Hugo led the romantic campaign. Boileau's influence in this country, in Germany, and in Spain was almost as great as in France. Dryden and Pope accepted the "Art Poétique" as authoritative, while the reference to "the name of one Boileau" in Keats's "Sleep and Poetry," is an indication of the place he held in the establishment of English classicism.

Reviews.

THE STORY OF THE WELSH NATION.*

PROFESSOR LLOYD'S work will doubtless take rank for many years as the standard history of old Wales. It commences with Cambria's palæolithic inhabitants, and carries the narrative to the day when the last relics of Welsh political independence were lost in the border skirmish in which Llywelyn ap Gruffydd fell. The work represents the conscientious labors of many years, and the study of most available sources of information has been close and conscientious. The style is clear, and if the author lacks the picturesque touch of some modern writers on Welsh history, as Professor Owen M. Edwards and Owen Rhoscomyl, the great characters in his narrative stand out clearly, and some of his chapters, such as the one that tells of the futile mission of Giraldus Cambrensis to Rome, make most interesting reading. Professor Lloyd tells us that he writes in support of no theory. Incidentally he destroys several fantasies of dreamers about things Celtic; but he brings home to every reader that the history of Wales is one of which Welsh people may be justly proud. Gruffydd ap Conan, the Lord Rhys, and Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, stand for a higher civilisation and purer patriotism than the Norman and Angevin tyrants who, in their days, ruled in London.

Space forbids us to comment on our author's earlier chapters. In his ethnological views he is a disciple of Professor Boyd Dawkins, and accepts the neolithic Iberian as the ancestor of no small proportion of the present Welsh people. The Roman occupation of the greater portion of modern Wales was, he considers, purely military, and the Iberian and Goidelic inhabitants of the land were not, he holds, seriously affected by classic civilisation. Nor does he believe that Christianity entered the country much before the fifth century. He shows the baselessness of the story, still told in popular manuals, that the population of Wales was, at the time of the Saxon invasion, seriously augmented by the flight of the Romanised Britons across the Severn. The only serious migration into Wales in historic times, of which popular tradition has preserved the memory, is the great Brythonic settlement of the fifth century. He remarks that Welsh tradition likewise possesses few memories of the early contest between Saxon and Briton in the eastern portion of the island, though it has preserved the name and story of Vortigern. This fact has led Mr. Wade Evans to start the ingenious theory that Vortigern was merely a chief of a district near the Usk, who invited the Saxons, not into the isle of Britain, but into western Britain, the Britannia Superior of Diocletian. Professor Lloyd, who does not mention this idea, is, with most modern scholars, a staunch supporter of the authenticity and reliability of Gildas, whose book (for the "Historia" and "Epistola" are really one work) he explains more clearly than it has ever been explained before, at least in English. Gildas was the representative of the old classical tradition, and his writings prove what a living force it remained among the British princes and ecclesiastics of the sixth century.

The close of this epoch marks the renewal of the Saxon advance, which, in the end, severed the Northern Britons from Wales. The relations of Northumbria to the Welsh our author explains. Of the fight on the Mercian side he tells us nothing. Little may be known; but surely he might have given us a word on the fall of Uriconium, the "white town in the valley" of the Welsh bard, the one centre of Roman civilisation in the neighborhood of North Wales. Contrary to the older school of Welsh writers, he argues that, even in Penda's time, the Mercian Saxons had probably mastered the district which we now know as Shropshire. The Saxon onslaught, he thinks, swept easily over the plains; but dashed in vain against the ramparts of the Welsh mountains. Offa's dyke, which he believes to have been the genuine work of the Mercian ruler whose name it bears, marked a more or less permanent and natural division between the two races. Its

construction meant that the land already conquered by the Saxons was to remain English; but that, in the mountain country beyond, the rights of the natives were to be respected, and no more Welsh trefis were to be converted into English hams or tons. So, in this land on the western side of the dyke, Welsh princelets were left at liberty for many centuries to wage war with each other, and the tribal and pastoral civilisation of the Welsh clansman had time to evolve into the form in which it appears in the laws of Howel the Good, of which the chapter on early Welsh institutions gives us an interesting picture.

Long ere the border line between Wales and England was drawn, a national Welsh Church had come into existence. Bereft of the support of the Roman British Church, which fell in the storm of the Saxon invasion, severed from all connection with the Continent, Cymric Christianity had, under the inspiration of its mysterious saints, Dewi the water drinker, and Padarn, and Teilo, and Cadoc, developed a monastic system, the novel austerities of which startled even the stern Gildas. Its peculiar customs in respect of the tonsure and the date of Easter Sunday, it shared with the Scoto-Irish Church of Aidan and Columba; but these were simple usages that Rome had once followed and afterwards reformed. Unlike the Celts of the North, the Cymric Church abstained from any missionary work among the Saxons, and Cadwallon, the Welsh King, fought as heathen Penda's ally, not only against Edwin of Northumbria, who was a Roman Christian, but also against his successor Oswald, the convert of St. Aidan. Professor Lloyd is inclined to minimise the extent of the theological differences between the Welsh Church and the Roman mission at Canterbury. He is quite right, as we have seen, in pointing out that the differences as to the date of Easter and the tonsure were mere conservative traditions. He considers that the Cymric Bishops, in their refusal to acknowledge Augustine as their Archbishop, were mainly moved by a nationalist indignation at the suggestion "that the British Church, the origin of which lay far back in a distant past," should be "disposed and ordered at the will of a mere missionary to the English." This explanation of the differences between the two Churches is probably the correct one. Still, there is one little point on the other side which our author should not have omitted to mention, the reconsecration of Chad by Archbishop Theodore, which certainly looks as if Canterbury at the time denied the validity of British ordinations. The curious facts about the schism are its long duration, and its easy reconciliation. "In the year 768," says the sole authentic record of the event, "Easter was altered among the Britons, the reform being the work of the man of God Elbodugus." This Elbodugus was a monk, and the friend of the historian Nennius. In his later years he was Chief Bishop of Gwynedd. The movement, which may in some ways have been inspired by a study of Bede's history, was due, our author thinks, "to the feeling of the abler and more spiritual leaders of the Welsh Church that they were, by a meaningless conservatism, cutting themselves off from the religious life of Christendom." The change seems to have been easily effected throughout Wales; the statement that for some time South Wales resisted, has, our author shows, no historical foundation. From this date the Welsh Church is in full communion with Rome and the English Church; but the practical dependence of the Welsh dioceses on Canterbury, and the general introduction of the parochial system came about only after the Norman conquest.

After the religious reconciliation, the attitude of the Saxon and Welshman to each other became less bitter. Occasional border warfare between the Cymric princes and Mercia continued; but there was little attempt at permanent conquest. In the days of Alfred and his successors the relations between Wales and the Court of Wessex were often amicable. Asser of St. David's went to Alfred's Court, and Howel the Good made Alfred his model. It was natural that, under the strain of the wasting attacks of the Danish searovers, Welsh chiefs should seek the protection of the Saxon monarchs and do homage to an Athelstan or an Edgar. The only effect of Harold's victory over Gruffydd ap Llywelyn, a genuine enemy of the Mercians of the Border, was to reduce the Welsh question from one of national importance to its old status as a mere border difficulty.

* "The History of Wales, From the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest." By John Edward Lloyd, M.A. Longmans. 2 vols. 21s. net.

But after Hastings, with Norman feudalism designedly let loose on the border, Wales had to fight for her national existence, for the Norman was ready for mountain campaigning, and he was out to annex and colonise. With Hugh the Wolf at Chester, with the house of Montgomery at Shrewsbury, with Bernard of Newmarch at Brecon, the extermination of the Welsh princes seemed only a question of a few years. For a time the Norman rode out conquering and to conquer, and then came the national rising against him. The old royal house of Gwynedd was restored by Gruffydd ap Conan. Later the South rose under Gruffydd ap Rhys, and his wife Gwenllïan of the golden hair, and if the latter perished at Kidwelly (not slain in the battle, as our author says, but murdered after its close), her son the Lord Rhys became a great ruler, and amidst all the turmoil of war and massacre called the first Welsh Eisteddfod, which history records, to his castle of Aberteifi. Professor Lloyd has taken endless pains to explain the intricacies of the long struggle, and we owe to him the true history of Nest, the Helen of Wales, whose career Mr. Baring Gould has so woefully misrepresented. He gives Owain Gwynedd more praise than that traitor to his own son-in-law deserves. His account of Llywelyn the Great is impressive, and he fully explains the causes of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd's temporary triumph and ultimate failure. From the day that the Norman horsemen first crossed the Severn to the day of the last Llywelyn's doom, there always seemed a chance that some Welsh Prince or some Norman Lord Marcher might form in the west an independent monarchy; but the crux of the problem that baffled alike Robert de Belême and Llywelyn ap Gruffydd was the impossibility of uniting Norman Lord Marcher and Welshman in a cordial alliance against the crown of England.

As it was in the State, so it was also in the Church. We hear much to-day of the indissoluble union of the Church in Wales and England; Professor Lloyd's pages tell us of the apostolic methods by which that union was accomplished. We read of Welsh canons hustled to London, and there forced to elect Normans to Welsh sees, of the wholesale plunder of the Cymric Church, sometimes to aggrandise English Benedictine monasteries, oft-times to add to the wealth of the lay robbers; or the re-dedication of churches, so that the names of Welsh saints might be lost to memory, and of the ex-communications hurled by the See of Canterbury on the Welshmen who fought for their native land. And then we read of the man who essayed deliverance, Giraldus Cambrensis. He was more Norman than Welsh, and the nation he sought to serve never recognised in the brilliant cosmopolitan scholar a genuine fellow-countryman. Like some great comet in the sky, he startled and aroused them, extorted their admiration, and then disappeared, to be thought of no more. But he was the true leader of the Wales that was and that was to be, when the canons of St. David's sent him to Rome to demand the pall for an independent Church, and when the Princes of Wales made him their herald, to tell the Pope of Canterbury's oppression and tyranny. Innocent III. was sympathetic; but Canterbury was powerful, and in the end the Pope dallied and compromised, until the Welsh cause was lost. Yet it was a splendid dream, and the greatest of the Welsh Princes spoke with the words of a seer when he said that the brave fight for St. David's should be remembered as long as Wales should stand.

HENRI BERGSON.*

M. BERGSON is a philosopher. But he is an artist too, and this gives him marked distinction among philosophers. He does not merely think, reason, criticise, construct in the philosophic manner; he lays hold of men as a great poet does, a great painter, and says to them, "Look again—that, that is what you really see, what life really is, and you yourselves are." If they open their eyes to look, they may see life, the world of things, themselves, as only the great artist can either discover or present them. They may

see them moving, truly alive, not carved out, set apart and dead. And then they know that he has given them no rounded and completed system, nor any portfolio of ingenious diagrams or set of photographs, but *vision*—its art and method and power.

"Once a Bergsonian always a Bergsonian." But why? For the same reason that a man who has seen what Dante or Turner desires him to see can always see it. We do not grow out of our great artists, we grow into them, learn to see with their eyes, to appropriate them as a living part of ourselves. We store them up, we do not pass them by.

It is not the material that makes art; it is always vision and the power of the man. Stone, marble, clay, lumps of earthy color, gums, juices, melted sand, the wood of trees, catgut and horses' tails, the shivering reed, a pipe with holes—all these the artist-soul endows and glorifies. Words too, and certain modes of thought—there is nothing strange to us in seeing these subdued to the poet's purpose. But philosophic thought and philosophic words—that is another thing indeed. Still we well may ask ourselves—Why not? Even, why has it so rarely been done before? We have to await, it seems, the hour and the man.

This man is a magician, but he is born in a good hour. He gives to the closest reasoning, the driest argument, the keenest criticism, that ineffable character we call charm. He, the philosopher, has the magic even of language—style. But without the good hour he could not have given to the world three books that are an epic of the eternal search after the real. He has behind him the ancestry of Plato and Aristotle, Kant and Hegel, Descartes, Lamarek, Darwin, and, most to be reckoned with, Berkeley and Plotinus. His hour has been prepared by these and by a hundred more, nay, by the world of men. And it is a great hour, fit for, and calling for, a great artist. It is a meeting-time of science, philosophy, and religion in a new wholeness of intelligence and life; but only a man who is a scientific, philosophical, and religious artist can make us seize for ourselves anything of what it really means. Men who can rise above mere specialism are now rare indeed; the man who rises so far as to hold together in an artist's grip such specialism as this—the specialism of the highest, clearest thinking, of the widest knowledge, and of the concrete sense of life—is most rare; and marks, too, a new manner among men. There is in this hour, and for all the hours to come, a range of synthesis there never was before. It is as though generations of men had been spending themselves in digging out and shaping materials for some temple, bearing them laboriously from East and West and North and South to a centre where they are at last assembled, met together to display their fitness for growth into a whole that speaks the mind and enshrines the spirit of humanity. Glimpses many of us have had of this interior congruity, fleeting dreams of some design in which the jumble of old and new materials that crowd the field of thought should begin to be resolved. We have seen physics here or there join hands with metaphysics, science confessing its ultimate dependence on philosophy, philosophy reckoning now and then, and more or less, with science. And we have heard each confessing that man exceeds them all, that his life demands and needs what they can never give. The hour has come, the new working day begins for us, the day of building. And M. Bergson is a great builder; in his creative hands these labored heaps of knowledge are being embued with life—such life as we see in Rodin's "Le Penseur," or as that which awoke at Chartres when the spirit of the architect passed to willing craftsmen and to the very stones in which, course by course, arch by arch, column following column, the great cathedral grew.

One of the salient and most important features of M. Bergson's philosophy is that it embodies its own principles. It not only shows us the movement of reality, man as self-creative, amassing, enduring, governing his own change, yet changing always; it is what it shows. That is to say, it is no closed system of thought, but rather a poem growing under our eyes, a picture in which everything living is visibly alive. It calls us to grow and move and live with and beyond itself; it sets our feet upon an endless and alluring road. Therefore the man who being once a Bergsonian is always a Bergsonian does not make M. Bergson his term of thought; rather, indeed, the contrary. For to be a Bergsonian is to be one from whom nothing is alien, for whom

* "Matter and Memory." By Henri Bergson. Translated by Nancy Margaret Paul and W. Scott Palmer. Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d. net.

"Creative Evolution." By Henri Bergson. Translated by Arthur Mitchell, Ph.D. Macmillan. 10s. net.

nothing human is complete, and in whom all that is beautiful and good and true will find a place. It is to be candid and willing to learn; to accept gifts at every hand; to take the loveliest vision as a summons to pass on.

There are readers, even students, who call these books difficult. So they are, as Chartres and "Le Penseur" are difficult; as Turner is difficult, and Dante and the Gospels. They are exceedingly difficult to the professional philosopher; much less so to the rest of us, at least to those of us who are capable of seeing, let us say, with Dante's eyes the sequence in the lives of men. The professional philosopher has to turn himself upside down; not so we others, we plain men. But that is because the philosopher has contracted a habit of standing on his head instead of on his two feet, and is vertiginous when you set him straight. Nevertheless, even he is learning to be at ease with Bergson, and our readers will find in the January issue of "Mind" an exposition of the new doctrine given in the philosophic way. But it is best to go to the man himself; and now that we have him in our own tongue we must blame ourselves if we do not. True, one element in his charm evaporates in the process of translation; his limpid, subtle, delicately accurate language defies exact transcription. But other elements remain. And the work has been well done—the better, no doubt, because he himself knows how English should be used and has not spared his pains. These books have been translated by different hands and vary in the difficulty they present. "Matière et Mémoire" might have seemed insuperable had it not been done. In the German version, we are told, it can barely be understood. But the English is a triumph. Miss Paul is to be congratulated on its clarity of expression and on its literary as well as scholarly finish. (We understand that her collaborator, Mr. Scott Palmer, has acted only as technical consultant, and is not responsible for, or to be credited with, the translation as a whole.) Mr. Pogson, the translator of "Les Données immédiates de la conscience," (whose tragic death will be remembered), and Dr. Mitchell are as accurate as Miss Paul, but both lack her sense of rhythm and her skill in avoiding the foreign turn of phrase. Dr. Mitchell has had an exceptional advantage in the "friendly interest" of William James, whose death has deprived us of the prefatory note that he intended to write for this volume. Two out of the three translations have special features of interest: Mr. Pogson gives a valuable bibliography; "Matter and Memory" is privileged in having a long introduction written specially for it by the author; and all have good indexes, the absence of which in the original works is a source of some annoyance and not a little waste of time. There can be no doubt that the English reading public—the widest in the world—has now an opportunity, presented to it under very good conditions, for making acquaintance with the great thinker in whose books, as William James said, "new horizons loom on every page you read."

A SOPRANO.*

It is, of course, a truism that the great vocal and dramatic artists of the past can offer to posterity none but the most precarious passports. Sometimes, indeed, a magician of the pen will thrill another generation for a moment with his own thrilling memories of stage or opera; as when De Quincey, in a lovely passage of the "Autobiography," permits us to share with him the "golden epiphany" of Grassini. Intermediation of this faultless kind is rare, however. In Charles Lamb's pages some of the old players whom he loved preserve an exquisite existence; but Lamb's ear, so finely tuned to many things, was a savage's for music. He was a devoted friend of the Novello family, and would reward the singing of his little friend with a "D-don't make that d—d noise, Clara." Were these Miss Clara's praises, how poor were she to-day!

But these are not her praises; they are merely Charles's f-fun. We do, in truth, lack in the case of Clara Novello as rapturous and heart-shaking a record as we owe to the Opium Eater in Grassini's case; but through certain sympathetic channels we can still

receive an echo of that "silvery, bell-like, clear and ringing" soprano that pealed through England and Europe during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. In sacred music her voice had a quality, half pleading, half triumphant, but resonant in every note, that seemed an echo of the Psalmist's own. Miss Mulock has told us that when she listened to Clara Novello's singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she "always felt that she was performing an act of faith." Of her facile and consummate mastery of her art, and the imperial power of her voice in a vast auditorium, we have signal testimony from the pen of Lady Eastlake. It was at the opening of the Crystal Palace, 1854. Conspicuous in the huge orchestra sat one handsome and quiet young woman, with a splendid crown of light brown hair, the only woman there. Rising up at her turn,

"Clara Novello pitched her voice and gave forth the first verse of 'God save the Queen,' with a power and distinctness which were marvellous; her voice filled the whole space, and she waited with her notes until they had reached to the uttermost parts. It was . . . no little proof of nerve thus alone to address the vast multitude, but her voice seemed to revel in the space before it. The way in which she articulated the words 'The Queen' was overwhelming."

At this date, for she was born in 1818, Clara Novello was thirty-six. There had always been in her something of the prodigy. She was the genius of a gifted family, uniting the blood of four nations. The father, Vincenzo Novello, was Italian on his father's side, English on his mother's; and the mother was the daughter of a German father and an Irish mother. All the family had great vitality and great staying powers, and all were intellectual and artistic. The eldest daughter became Mrs. Cowden Clarke, and gave us the Shakespeare "Concordance." Among a brilliant sisterhood, Clara was not the least favored by nature; and an æsthetic tailor, taking her measure for a stage costume, pronounced her "exactly the height of the Vénus de Médici." She sang in public at thirteen, and a year later took the principal soprano part in the first performance in England of Beethoven's Mass in D. At the age of sixteen, in the summer of 1834, she was engaged for the Royal Musical Festival at Westminster Abbey, in a company which included Grisi, Tamburini, Braham, and Rubini.

At home and abroad her girlhood's triumphs were perpetually renewed; her fame was European before her twentieth year. She was admired by Rossini when his own renown was at its zenith, and it was in his most popular opera, "Guillaume Tell," that she won her chief distinction in dramatic singing. "But," says Mr. Coleridge (who sang with her more than once) in his excellent introductory memoir:—

"it was in the home of her birth that she achieved her most enduring fame, and at the Crystal Palace and the Handel Festivals she led on the great army of Handelian worshippers, and 'triumphed gloriously.' Foreign artists, such as Formes, when engaged to sing in the 'Elijah' and 'Creation' with Clara Novello as leading soprano, were awkwardly contrasted with a lady whose pure singing, perfect intonation, and correct phrasing were unfailing guarantees for enjoyment. . . . Clara Novello, though more than half Italian, appealed to the ordinary Englishman in sacred music as no other of her contemporaries succeeded in doing."

In 1843 she married Count Gigliucci, withdrew from public life, and settled on her husband's Italian estate, where children were born to them. The Revolution of 1848—in which heads with crowns were not the only ones that lay uneasy—and the temporary confiscation of Count Gigliucci's property made it necessary for Clara Novello to resume the practice of her art. She sang in Italy, France, Germany, Spain, Russia; applauded everywhere, and everywhere received as the simple, cultured, and irreproachable lady that she was. She introduced the concert tour in England, and opened most of our new provincial town halls. In March, 1908, at the great age of ninety, and forty-eight years from the date of her final retirement, Clara Novello died "so peacefully that it was truly falling asleep."

A PALINODE.*

FOGAZZARO's death gives "Leila" a special interest; it is the last word of an exceptionally sincere and lofty soul. To English readers he is known chiefly as the author of

* "Clara Novello's Reminiscences." Compiled by her daughter, Contessa Valeria Gigliucci; with a Memoir by Arthur D. Coleridge. Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.

* "Leila." By Antonio Fogazzaro. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

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As a work of art "Leila" is scarcely on the author's highest level; it recalls "Il Mistero del Poeta" rather than "Daniele Cortis" and "Malombra." Its theme is the struggle between a girl's repugnance to a marriage that has been arranged for her and her unconscious attraction to the bridegroom designate. But the interest centres neither in Leila nor in Massimo; the real heroine is Donna Fedele. Never has Fogazzaro drawn a more delicate picture than this rare and exquisite character, in whose attitude towards the approach of death it is, perhaps, permissible to trace a personal note.

"She suffered, but she was at peace. She felt that she was dying. She foresaw that the operation would be successful, but that after that the end would come very quickly. She felt herself too complete a wreck to live much longer. She was glad to suffer, and thus expiate the many sins of which she had been guilty in her youth. She was glad to suffer; and also to know that soon she would suffer no more. . . . And now she looked back over her life. It seemed very empty to her, very poor in good deeds; and she esteemed it a sweet privilege to end it in this way. A wave of relief swept over her; she smiled at herself in the dark, smiled at the thought of her father, mother, and grandparents, who had loved her so fondly in her childhood, looking down upon her now, surely with approval, and rejoicing that she would soon be with them."

Thus does the end of life go back upon the beginning; thus do the last and the first days join.

But the significance of "Leila" is rather as a document than as literature; it is a study of Italian religion and clerical life. It passes over, indeed, one side of this life which cannot be passed over by those who would form a fair estimate of it; the problem of celibacy, prominent as it is in Italy to-day, is ignored. There is, perhaps, a certain unreality in this; there are graver faults than those over which a veil is drawn. But, with this exception, the clerical psychology is admirable. Take, for example, the arch-priest Don Tita. He is not a bad man; he has not a few virtues. But he is coarse-fibred; his standards are professional; he is inaccessible either to sympathy or to ideas.

"On the surface he was all good nature, verbal acquiescence and willingness to accommodate; but his heart was hard and cold with a religious conscience that was stereotyped by antiquated doctrines and dominated by tradition, the letter of the law, and the authority of the hierarchy. To Don Tita charity towards his neighbor was merely a duty imposed by a stern external law. He was generous in bestowing alms, but he neither loved nor esteemed the poor. His morals were of a scrupulous, almost mistrustful, purity. A man of many prayers, he despised mysticism, which he looked upon as sentimentality. He had been Professor of Classics in the seminary, although, indeed, he knew no Greek. His reading consisted exclusively of newspapers, magazines, and Catholic books."

The chaplain, Don Emanuele, is of another type. Attached by family ties to the Vatican, and the nephew of a Cardinal, he is of the stuff of which officials are made. He was dull—though his visits to Rome "had done for him what long immersion in good Bordeaux may do for certain insipid biscuits"; but he was ambitious, self-contained, and astute.

"He honestly felt himself called to enter the Church, and he persuaded himself that his birth and connections providentially predisposed him to rise to dignity and power in her service; and that this lofty sentiment sanctified certain longings whose voices he had heard within him in early days not without some pricks of conscience. By degrees these longings had become so enveloped in the mantle of pious yearnings as to be completely hidden from his conscience. The mantle was both wide and heavy. Don Emanuele's religious zeal was not inferior to that of Don Aurelio; but his conception of God, and above all of the Church, was different. Divine paternity was to him rather a formula in which he believed than a truth which he felt, and which was precious to him. The idea of God had shaped itself in accordance with his grandfather's imperiousness and piety. His God was a species of infinite grandfather, holy and terrible. For him the Church was the hierarchy, and was in a way his grandfather's house, where there was perpetual entertainment of priests and friars, as celestial beings superior to poor humanity."

The pictures are living; perhaps, only those familiar with the atmosphere can know how living. For the clerical mind is a thing apart. Those who possess it are often capable of heroism; they are men of interior life, of ascetic piety, of prayer. But they will do with a light heart what men of the world, little troubled by scruples, would scruple at. The campaign against Modernism has been fruitful in examples of this. "Go on serving God by slandering your neighbor," said Donna Fedele; and "I trust no one. We are living in a realm of spies, to the greater honor and glory of honesty and Christian charity."

Such sketches are not likely to commend themselves to those from whom they are taken; and it remains to be seen how far the somewhat ambiguous palinode in the last pages of "Leila" will be held sufficient to cover the unmistakable substance of the author's thought. This palinode, however—in so far as it is one—will surprise no one who has followed the course of the Modernist movement. This movement covers many shades of opinion; Fogazzaro was as far from M. Loisy as was F. D. Maurice from John Stuart Mill. Its rejection by the Church has had this, among other consequences, that the extremists have come to the front; and that what might have been a reform movement in the Church has become an attack from without. This was more than the Right had bargained for. They wished to spiritualise Catholicism; they were out of sympathy with the Ultramontanism of the Vatican; but they had never dreamed of breaking with the Church. Especially was this the case with men who, like Fogazzaro, had been rather sympathisers with Modernism than themselves Modernists; rather Whigs than Liberals of any modern school.

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Fogazzaro does not retract the aspirations of "Il Santo"; but he admits the possible justice of the attitude of the Church towards his teaching; he submits to the authority—he does not say that he assents to the pronouncements—of the Holy See.

"This man spoke much of religion, of faith, and of works. Being neither a prophet nor the Sovereign Pontiff, speaking from his high place, he may sometimes have been led astray; he may sometimes have put forward views that the authority of the Church would be justified in rejecting. The true character of his mission was not to agitate theological questions, wherein he might deviate from the true path, but to bring back the faithful of all orders to the spirit of the Gospel. He never failed to proclaim his humble submission to the authority of the Church, to the Holy See of the Roman Pontiff. He died trusting firmly that one day, when the spirits of evil that afflict the Church shall have been driven back behind the gates of hell, all men who have received baptism, and who call upon the name of Christ, will be united in one great religious body around the Holy Throne of the Roman Pontiff."

The conclusion is somewhat visionary. The Papacy demands more than this from its adherents—were it to cease to do so it would no longer be the Papacy; the gulf between medieval and modern religion is not so lightly bridged. Nor, for a Roman Catholic, can the position indicated be more than a halting-place. Those who occupy it have every claim to sympathy. But the logic of ideas and events takes men whither they would not; they must go on, or back. To believe "in the immortality of Catholicism and in the duty of obedience" is not enough. This might suffice for civil society; religion, as Rome understands it, brings in another element—infallibility; obedience must be based on belief. The future of religion in the Latin countries is a problem in the face of which many a man asks with Renan—"Entre la religion inintelligente et le matérialisme brutal, âme poétique et pure, où serait ta place?" It is not doubtful that while individuals—and those not the least excellent and amiable—may fall out of line, the onward movement will increase and develop. Its progress may be spiral; it is possible that the undermining of Latin Christianity may, for a time at least, obscure in the once Catholic nations truths which the Reformed Churches have been enabled to retain. The future must deal with its own problems; they cannot be anticipated to-day. Nor is everyone called upon to pursue such inquiries. Men of devout mind and practical rather than speculative temper may stand apart from them—on this condition, that they do not

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"There came a morning when la mère Colas scolded us, called us children of misfortune, and declared she would no longer give us our food. She said we could go off and look for our father, who had gone nobody knew where. When her anger was over, she gave us our meals as usual; but a few days afterwards we were put into père Chicon's cart."

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and her relations with her old companion, the joyous Sister Désirée-des-Anges, who is dying of consumption. The same simplicity of truth renders gracious the narrow things of convent life.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MISS CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD observes on an early page of "Via Rhodesia" (Stanley Paul, 16s. net) that Africa "is usually associated in the mind with only three things: mines, murders, and missionaries." She might have added a fourth, books, for surely few countries have been written about so copiously within recent years. Miss Mansfield's addition to the books about Africa is large in size but contains little of importance or value. It opens with a chapter called "Why?" written in a strain of lyrical enthusiasm, and suggesting the boundless interest taken in Miss Mansfield's trip by her acquaintances. From the next chapter we learn that to Miss Mansfield "it seems almost a sacrilege to mar the serenity of such wondrous peace" as the sea presents, by dancing or playing cards on a liner. Similar reflections are lavishly scattered throughout the book, and the author appears as anxious to disclose her views upon things in general as to describe her experiences in Rhodesia. For this course she has at least the justification that her experiences will not greatly interest the reader. Of the natives, especially educated or Christian natives, Miss Mansfield speaks in a tone of mingled fear and contempt. "The next great African war," she says, "will be one in which the native will try to become supreme, in fact, Master of Africa," and she blames the missionaries for "forcing education upon the black before he is sufficiently civilised to receive it." All through the book she shows that missionaries arouse her to a high pitch of indignation, almost the only exceptions being the Roman Catholic Fathers at Chilonga, who avert her wrath because "they never preach equality nor allow the natives to approach the level of familiarity in any way." It is surprising to be told that Mr. Tengo-Jabavu's paper, the "Imvo," has been preaching to the natives the doctrine, "We shall boss the Whites in Africa," but our surprise, and also our sense of the value of Miss Mansfield's conclusions, is lessened when we read what she has to say of Miss Colenso and other devoted workers who have a real knowledge of the problems that Miss Mansfield settles so airily and so complacently.

The Week in the City.

		Price Friday morning, March 10.	Price Friday morning, March 17.
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As the end of the financial year approaches, there is much speculation as to what will be Mr. Lloyd George's surplus. According to some estimates it may rise to nine millions, but it would be foolish to make guesses, as the accounts this year are complicated by the fact that the Revenue Bill rolls the two last financial years into one—a confusion, resulting, of course, from the House of Lords' rejection of the Budget. Public income is coming in at a great rate just now, and the amount of Government money tied up in the Bank awaiting disbursement after March 31st is at a record figure. The Stock Markets have been rather slow this week. The Mexican insurrection and the possibility of more trouble with America on the frontier, or of a sudden *coup d'état* in Mexico City, have been disturbing factors. Wall Street is bothered by the certainty of a general attack on the tariff by Democrats in April. This means a continuance of dull trade, as importers will keep their stocks as low as possible in view of probable cuts in the schedules. Speculation is at such a low ebb in New York and Boston, that stock-brokers are dismissing clerks or retiring from business. The contrast with the City of London's prosperity is very marked. With the certainty of very cheap money in the Spring, it would not be at all surprising to see a big recovery in gilt-edged securities.

DEMOCRATIC TARIFF POLICY.

Persons who have financial or commercial interests in the United States and Canada will be watching eagerly to see what the Extra Session of Congress, called by President Taft for April 4th, will bring forth. The Democrats will control the House of Representatives, and if they co-operate with the insurgent Republicans, they will also control the Senate. Their policy is now stated to be as follows:—

"1. House Democrats will quickly pass Canadian reciprocity agreement.

"2. They will revise the woollen and possibly part of cotton schedule of Payne tariff law.

"3. A Bill will be passed reducing duties on about one hundred items, all necessities of life, including certain articles of wearing apparel.

"4. General revision of tariff will be postponed until the December session, after an opportunity has been had to make a more complete investigation."

One of the largest American steel manufacturers stated the other day that with an extra session of Congress the discussion of the tariff question is bound to have some effect on business. He believes the steel schedule will be given a great deal of prominence, and with consumers anticipating a reduction in duties, the consumption of steel is likely to drag. He does not think the Tobacco and Oil decisions, even if they are adverse to the corporations, will affect business as much as proposed tariff legislation looking towards a drastic revision.

A QUESTION FOR KRUPPS.

Armament firms just now are coming in for a good deal of criticism. Mr. Arnold Hill's attack on their monopoly profits in this country should lead to investigation. I have always thought that shareholders in these concerns should rely largely on other branches of business; for the competitive multiplication of armaments must come to an end some day. In Germany, also, the Krupp's monopoly is attracting Parliamentary attention. In the debate on the naval estimates in the German Reichstag, the Socialist, Herr Hue, who represents an Essen constituency, attacked the firm of Krupp. He admitted that the firm's expenditure on "social" institutions was large, but said that the profits were enormous. He calculated that the Krupp family alone had cleared over two million sterling in the last three years, and declared that the industry had squeezed the whole district out like a lemon. According to the report of the Essen house inspection, 40 per cent. of the dwellings consisted of two rooms, in many cases with one bed for four or five persons. The German workmen ought, he said, to get, at any rate, some small benefit from the enormous sums that were spent on German armaments. Admiral von Tirpitz said it was impossible for the naval authorities to exercise a permanent control of all the works and factories. Even if they wished and tried to do so, there would be an enormous opposition. Besides, he argued, the imposition on contractors of far-reaching obligations would cause a considerable rise in prices of war material.

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